

## EUROPEAN AND ASIATIC POLITICS.

IRELAND exhibits an accession of the anomalous symptoms which have been noted of late. The arming of the people goes on so fast that the gun-trade is the briskest in the island. The people, who declare that they are starving, have food to buy guns withal. Not only so, but they have money to spend in powder and shot for wantonly firing about the country, even in volleys.

Some curious facts come out with respect to wages. It will be remembered that a great outcry was raised because the wages on public works were only 10d. a day; and they have been raised. Now the annual expenditure of an Irish laborer, including his potatoes, (rent for conacre,) used to be about five or six pounds a year—less than half-a-crown a week; with 10d. a day, there was 5d. a day thrown in to make up for the difference between potatoes grown on the conacre and maize meal bought at the shop. But the rate has been raised. We see one writer says that formerly the farmers paid "4d. a day and potatoes;" the same laborers now receive 1s. 3d. a day—that is 11d. in lieu of the potatoes. Are they worse off in this time of "famine," or better?

While the poorer classes are thus trading on the "famine," "there is an insane cry for more work;" and the landlords are saddling themselves with unmeasured liabilities, to come upon the English treasury by and by with the plea of inability to pay. "Vogue la galère!"

Mr. O'Connell is busy over the repeal accounts, and a certain balance due to him. The accumulated rent of years, it seems, falls short of the expenditure. Ireland has paid some hundred thousand pounds, and repeal is where it was. The chief repealer speaks as if he were cast down; just now the prospects of the agitation, he says, are bad because of the "famine." This is odd; for there seems no doubt that the Irish are receiving at present more cash than ever they had in their lives. But, somehow, there is confessedly a hitch in repeal. There is no promise of greater vitality in the Young Ireland movement, which has dwindled into a business of letter-writing in the *Nation* newspaper; Mr. Smith O'Brien vouchsafing a series of didactic epistles about future measures.

The urgent business for all influential men in Ireland is, to guide the people quietly and discreetly through the difficulties of the dearth and the temptations to abuse presented by the immense eleemosynary subsidies from England; but the leading patriots are busy about their own objects of collecting pence or making displays of letter-writing. Even the volleys of musketry will not arouse them to go and mingle with the peasantry for the purpose of guiding them rationally.—*Spectator*, 5 Dec.

ALTHOUGH a little more has been announced respecting the diplomatic proceedings on the subject of Cracow, it does not materially alter the position of any party. Lord Palmerston has sent off his separate protest, and he seems to have done so without allowing any delay for further consultation with France. He is resolved to show that he ab-

solutely sets France aside. According to an account of it in the leading French journal, his despatch is cold and unimpressive. It speaks of the annexation as of a project not yet executed; doubtless because the latest *formal* communication received by the English foreign secretary spoke of it as a project, and he diplomatically ignored the fact known to every newspaper-reader in Europe. He has fulfilled his set task with a manifest intention of saving appearances and doing no more. This is not calculated to make the three despoilers pause, but to make them go on; not to make them doubt, but to reassure them.

It is asserted with increasing emphasis, that King Louis Philippe and M. Guizot were cognizant of the intention to annex Cracow, and that their present indignation is affected. There is not only no proof of this charge, but the accusation is not yet made in a tangible shape. It is not stated that France abetted the Three Powers in annexing Cracow without reference to the other parties who signed the treaty of Vienna; a suppression of the so-called "independent" state by the formal act of all the contracting parties, might have still been a wrong, if based upon wrong principles, but it would have been something totally different from this. Whatever the secret motives of French statesmen, so far as their overt acts are concerned they have acted on public and European grounds.

It was once thought that M. Guizot's position in the ministry had been seriously shaken by the recent diplomatic differences; but a respectable journal of Paris says that now he is more firmly established than ever. If so, he owes it to the low repute of rival statesmen.

On the whole, we say, the disclosures of the week do not alter the merits of the case; its public necessities remain where they were; the obvious path of true policy remains unaltered; the course adopted in the fantastical spleen or self-seeking of English diplomatists is as manifestly absurd as ever.—*Spectator*, 5 Dec.

THE warlike agitation in the Punjab has for the time subsided; the display of force having brought the Sheik Imam-ed-deen to his senses. But it is apparent that the Vale of Cashmere is a glaring instance of the absurdity which characterizes the whole system of "independent" native states. We have left a Sikh ruler over the country, from a vague mixture of conscience and cunning, which makes us think it expedient to keep up a show of government by natives; but the Sikh is as much an alien to the Mussulman population of Cashmere as we are. So that the effect is this: we have not given to the people of Cashmere a native government; the actual enforcement of order and allegiance at last falls upon us, to whom alone it is essential, and who alone possess the power of enforcement; but we interpose between ourselves and the people whom we have to rule, a barbarian horde of irregular predatory soldiers as the medium of government. That which we choose to employ as our tool is an obstruction or a clog. Had we at once established British dominion in Cashmere, we should, it is evident, have done no more violence to

the Mussulman feeling than in setting up the heretical Sikhs; and we should have offered the less temptation to contumacy in proportion to our own greater power.

We believe that the case of every protected native state is similar. Not that there is always the religious schism; but India has in all parts a population so heterogeneous—pure Hinduism is in itself so heterogeneous—that the ruler is regarded by the ruled as alien and hostile; and so in estrangement of feeling and selfish tyranny of purpose he commonly is. At the same time, as vicar for the British government, he is weak and inefficient. Our own direct rule could scarcely be viewed with more jealousy, while it would be more efficient and more beneficent. Every event of this kind seems to illustrate that true policy which our officials hesitate to carry out. Wherever we interfere at all, we should abolish native governments; while, by the encouragement of education, of European ideas, and the distribution of European honors and official duties, we should Anglicize the natives, and naturalize them as individual instruments of direct British rule.—*Spectator*, 5 Dec.

THE intelligence from the United States indicates a revulsion of affairs. In Mexico, the invasion makes no progress; and in the Union men are beginning seriously to question the expediency of the whole war. Mr. Webster declares it illegal, unconstitutional, impolitic, and expensive. Citizens feel that it is expensive; and they seem suddenly disposed to resent the undoubted stretch of power which made Mr. Polk dash into the war without authority from Congress. He shows signs of faltering; he talks of referring the matter to Congress, as if he dreaded the unshared responsibility. Had all Mexico been seized and annexed by a coup-d'état, he would have had no fears about responsibility; but he has only a poor show of victories to boast as the fruit of his indiscretion, which therefore turns out to be not venial. On the other hand, the whigs are making irresistible advances towards a decided majority in Congress; so that the penitent Polk is likely enough to incur austere penance.

One very ingenious conjecture has gained currency. It has already been suspected that there was an understanding between Santa Anna and the government at Washington; and the 'cute politicians now guess, that what the two chiefs have agreed upon is, to close the war, bringing it by simultaneous but apparently independent courses to a peaceful termination.

The elections in the state of New York are complicated with the very curious American question of rent. Many landholders pay a chief-rent to families who have possessed the fee-simple from early times; the American spirit revolts against that feudal tenure, is jealous of such anti-republican landlordism, and seeks to deprive the owners of the property, whether they will or not. It is a version of Irish agitation against absenteeism or for "fixity of tenure," on a Yankee scale. The anti-rent party in the "empire state" is sufficiently numerous and influential to have held the balance and elected its own nominees. It has appointed as governor a gentleman who defended the rioters that killed a sheriff engaged to enforce payment of rent. Decidedly, our Transatlantic brethren seem to have retrograded since the days of the sagacious Jefferson, and of that scrupulous Washington who remembered and paid a debt of one cent for crossing a ferry.—*Spectator*, 5 Dec.

POLAND.—It would appear, by private letters from Vienna, that the incorporation of Cracow with Austria did not take place without a strong opposition on the part of several members of the Aulic cabinet. Count Kollowrath, finding himself in a minority on that important question, had tendered his resignation, with the firm determination to retire from public life. That resolution had produced the greatest sensation at Vienna.—*Spect.*

THE *Times* learns, "from an authentic source, that very many of the German governments are seriously alarmed lest the Three Powers, in the exercise of their will, shall abrogate or set at nought all the provisions of the Treaty of Vienna by which those governments were created, or under which their tenure was assured."—*Spect.*

THE position taken up by France towards the Three Powers is thus indicated—

"The French cabinet, if we are correctly informed, is still only at the preliminaries in the affair of Cracow. It is desirous of making a demonstration which shall amount to an *acte*; and everything leads us to believe that M. Guizot is occupied with the preparation of the form in which it is to be made. This will be a real event, and it will not be long delayed. \* \* \*

"The treaty of Vienna being violated, gives us full liberty of action for the modifications which the future may claim in the present condition of the balance of power in Europe. At this moment a simple protest will suffice for the reservation of this liberty. We have only to notify to the powers, that we take note [que nous prenons acte] of their proceeding, and that we wait."—*Spect.*

LOUIS PHILIPPE'S DEMAND OF A CONGRESS.—The King of the French experiences, we understand, very serious alarm at the state of things which has been brought about by recent events. He asserts that he is not to blame for these results, as he fully acquainted England long since with his particular aims, for the accomplishment of which without giving rise to quarrel or offence he was led to hope. Whether he was to blame or not, he represents that such considerations ought to be set aside; and Europe must take council in common, and come to an agreement, if they would avoid at no distant time the certainty of war. For this purpose Louis Philippe demands a congress.

The King of the French, in urging this, leaves aside all considerations of the past, but confines his fears and councils to the present and the future. "England," he says, "holds over my head the menace of eventual war. It refuses to recognize the Montpensier marriage; it avoids making any hostile declaration at present, but declares that when the time comes, it reserves the full right to oppose that succession by arms and by leagues. Under this threat," asserts the King of the French, "I cannot rest passive or die easy. I must conjure this future storm in some possible way, and renunciation is not possible;—or I must arm and make preparations and alliances to meet it. If I do so, I must set Europe topsyturvy. Don't drive me to such extremities, but let me have a congress.

"But, it is not England alone that I am afraid of," continues his majesty; "the Eastern powers have roused against me a foe more formidable still, and one more difficult to be dealt with. They have aroused the old imperial spirit of the French people

This spirit has been stirred of late years in a very noisy way, but in a direction which offered no danger. England was the aim of its hostility, but from England we had nothing to snatch. Against them was no blow to be stricken, except at sea, and at such fearful odds that people raved without ever intending such a thing. But now the Eastern powers have roused the same spirit, and directed it not towards the ocean, in which it could not fail to be quenched, but against the land, and the military powers. So powerful, so universal, so irresistible is this spirit, that even my old, quiet, easy-paced minister, M. Guizot, whom I have trained and broken in for years for my political amble—even he breaks forth, and demands to march to the Rhine. I can, no doubt, rein in this zeal, and defeat this frenzy for war, as I have defeated preceding ones. The war-and-conquest party or power feel that I am old, and that there is little use in opposing or seeking to turn me from the ways of peace. But when I am no more, then they count upon having their fling, then they count on running a-muck against Europe, and forcing the young king or regent to put himself at the head of the current. Lord Palmerston has set them the example of the policy to be pursued. Under his advice, England, offended by the marriage of the Infanta, waives the project of resenting it immediately, but says it will bide its time, and only make war and resistance by and by, when the hour of succession comes. This plan of not declaring war, but of keeping it suspended over the head of a foe, has been adopted by the French liberals. They propose, not to resent immediately the absorption of Cracow, but to declare that this act has destroyed the Treaty of Vienna, which they will respect only so long as it suits them. They will respect it as long as I, Louis Philippe, am alive; but the moment the breath is out of me, then they are to cry, 'Hey for the Rhine!'

We believe that this representation of the state of his case, by Louis Philippe, and of what awaits Europe, is materially correct. That he is not in the least to be pitied for the consequent insecurity accruing to his dynasty, most persons will agree. But whether Europe and England might not be right to come to terms, and take counsel with him, is another consideration.—*Examiner*, 5 Dec.

A MANIFESTO from "the democracy of France to the democracy of Europe," signed by Laménais, Ledru Rollin, and other leaders of the republican party, has appeared in the *National* and *La Réforme*. The style and tendency of the document may be judged of from the concluding paragraph. Addressing first the monarchs and then the democrats, they say:—

"The right of force is the only one that you acknowledge. Let force, then, decide between you and us. In the mad pride of your material power, which we fear not, because we trust in another power—in the power of true right and of duty—you declare war on all nations, on society itself, which exists only in virtue of duty and of right. Be it so! we accept this war. War on conditions which make it holy is victory for us. Were it otherwise, God would not be God! Doubtless there will be martyrs, but be well assured that after the struggle you will present yourselves not proudly surrounded by your bloody assistants, but before the solemn tribunal of social justice, as upright as it is inexorable. There will be weeping and gnashing of teeth, and there also will be the pure joy which the assur-

ance of a happy future will excite in the heart of nations. Democrats of all countries, brothers uniting the same faith with the same hope, henceforward adopt unity of action, which will neither be superseded nor relaxed. Elevate in the midst of subjugated Europe the standard of its emancipation! Let the nations start up at the signal, and by one unanimous effort shake off the chains with which they are loaded. The hour is come for each to fulfil its duty. To-day the combat—to-morrow the triumph: up, then, all!"

The government journal treats this production with a modified censure:—

"Whilst we blame the authors of the manifesto of the French democracy, we cannot but carry our blame higher. We have, after all, but words and intentions to object to in this revolutionary work; the destruction of Cracow by the northern powers is an act, the violation of the treaties of Vienna is a fact. Absolute sovereigns, you complain of factions! We abhor them as much as you do. We are the first to be exposed to their fury. We are not ignorant that they are watching for a favorable opportunity to pounce on societies and devour them. Begin then, by having right on your side against faction, lest they one day have strength on their side against you. Do not set them the example of a violation of rights. Do not by your acts warrant them in their declamations against kings."

Meantime the "democrats" announce an intention of circulating 500,000 copies of the manifesto in all the languages of Europe.—*Brit.*

"ROWLAND HILL is installed in a permanent position at the post-office. A statement on the subject, however, which appeared in a provincial paper, is incorrect. Colonel Maberly remains as secretary to the *Department* of the post-office; and a new place is created for Mr. Hill, who, without solicitation, is appointed secretary to the *postmaster-general*, with a salary of £1,200 a year. What is to be the precise line of distinction between the duties of the two offices we do not know; but we do know the most important object of the appointment—government means to afford Mr. Hill the power of carrying out his plans of post-office improvement in their integrity."—*Spect.*

A VERY long order has recently been given by the York and Newcastle Railway Company—for three miles of trucks! The number now in use is almost countless; yet so immense is the traffic on this great trunk line of railroad, that the directors are under the necessity of ordering additional trucks, not by the score, but by the mile.—*Spect.*

THE following announcement has appeared among the marriages in the papers this week—"On the 2d of August last, at the British Embassy, Paris, by the late Bishop Luscombe, Dr. Lardner, to Mary, only daughter of Colonel Spicer, late of the Twelfth lancers; the marriage having been previously solemnized in the United States."—*Spect.*

WE hear the information for poaching against the Duchess of Marlborough has been defeated on a technical point of law. The statute, not looking to a violation of its provisions by females, only introduces the masculine gender, "he;" and therefore "she," the duchess, escapes its operation.—*Globe.*

SEVERAL sermons have recently been preached in the town-hall of Kelso by a boy only ten years of age.



THE Norwegian papers contain a series of statements touching the appearance of the "sea-serpent" in the larger fiords. The monster has been seen quite close, in different places and at several different times, by about sixteen persons, principally fishermen; but among the number who have formally testified to the phenomenon are an arch-deacon, a candidate in theology, a surgeon, a merchant, and a bookseller. The accounts agree in representing the creature as dark in color, about fifty feet long, and of the circumference of a man's body. It is described as showing itself only in calm weather, and as then swimming with its head elevated, in vertical undulations of its body, like a leech.—*Spect.*

THERE has been a new waterfall discovered in the river St. Louis. This cataract falls into the western part of Lake Superior, which has never yet been described by the geographer. It would appear that this new wonder is second only to the Falls of Niagara. The volume of water is immense, and the height of the fall is fifty feet.—*La Revue Canadienne.*

MODEL LODGING-HOUSES.—One of these, in Newton street, Holborn, has been opened for the reception of women. The inmates are principally servants out of place, persons who obtain a livelihood by needlework and artificial flower-making, clear starchers, and workers in fancy-paper, &c. The accommodation is far superior to what might be expected, and the greatest order prevails throughout the establishment. Each lodger is provided with a separate bed. On the basement there is a kitchen, with every requisite for cooking, a good fire, and two boilers, with water boiling every morning by seven o'clock. Round the kitchen are small cupboards, with different locks; one of these is appropriated to the use of each lodger. On the ground floor is a work-room, for persons at needle-work; there is also a washing-room, with every convenience. The charge is 1s. 6d. a week. As this system has been found to work well, the promoters intend to construct similar establishments in all neighborhoods where the industrious portion of the poor reside.—*Examiner.*

SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.—The submarine telegraph was laid across Portsmouth harbor, from the watering island in the dockyard to the steps at the Royal Clarence yard. The former experiments were repeated, and they fully confirmed the fact that one wire, as prepared by Messrs. West and Taylor, is sufficient for electric telegraph purposes under water. Several of the principal officers of the dockyard, including the heads of the engineering department, were present during the trials, which proved most satisfactory.—*Exam.*

THE LAW OF MARRIAGE.—We are informed that Mr. Aspinall, a gentleman of the bar and member of the Northern circuit, has arrived in Manchester, at the Clarence hotel, Spring Gardens, with a commission to institute inquiries into the effects of the present law with relation to the marriage of widowers with the sisters or more remote female relatives of their deceased wives, and especially to obtain information as to the number of such marriages which have taken place since the statute of 1835, which is supposed to have prohibited them. It has been asserted that the number of such marriages in Manchester is very great. Lord Wharmcliffe, in the year 1841, in the House of Lords, stated them to be upwards of 500. The

subject is doubtless a most important one, and we understand an application will be made to Parliament in the ensuing session to legalize such marriages; it will, therefore, be most useful to parties on either side of the question to be in possession of as much information as possible upon it.—*Manchester Courier.*

MOORE THE POET.—A soirée in aid of the funds of the Literary Institution at Chippenham was held on Tuesday evening. There was a very numerous attendance. The committee had invited T. Moore, Esq., who lives near Chippenham, and received an answer from him accepting the invitation; he was prevented, however, from attending, by unexpected circumstances. His acceptance of the invitation is a refutation of the report current a short time since, of the dangerous illness of the poet.—*Exam.*

IMPORTANT DECISION WITH REGARD TO MONASTIC INSTITUTIONS IN IRELAND.—In the Irish Court of Chancery this week, the very important case was decided relative to the disposal of the property of the late Alexander M'Carthy, for the details of which we regret our limits do not enable us to make room. The question under discussion was, whether two of his daughters, who became nuns in the Ursuline convent at Blackrock, near Cork, were entitled to a distributive share in the assets of their father, in consequence of their having taken religious vows. These assets they had transferred by deeds to other parties, in trust for the benefit of the convent in which they resided, and of which those parties were the superioresses. The claim made on the property of Mr. A. M'Carthy was opposed by his sons, chiefly on the ground that the deeds had been obtained by means of coercion, and the undue influence of religious fears, and that the ladies had yielded a most reluctant consent to the execution of them. The judgment of the lord chancellor was, that those ladies were not free agents in the execution of the deeds of assignments; and he came to the conclusion that *the bill filed by the plaintiffs should be dismissed with costs.*—*Examiner.*

ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—The 'True Love, Captain Parker, the last of the whalers from Davis' Straits, arrived at this port on Monday night the 23rd instant, with two fish, about twenty tons of oil, and reports that no intelligence whatever had been heard, during the season, of the Terror, commanded by Sir John Franklin, and the Erebus, in the command of Captain Crozier, the vessels sent out by the Admiralty in the spring of 1845 to seek a north-west passage. They were supposed to be up Lancaster Sound, but on account of the great body of ice to the north, none of the whalers had this year penetrated in search of them.—*Hull paper.*

STOPPAGE OF THE FLORES EXPEDITION.—Crowds were attracted on Saturday to Blackwall, by the arrival of the Glenelg, the flag-ship of General Flores, having on board his staff of commissioned officers for his intended invasion of the Equador, which, with two war-steamers, was seized by Mr. Forsyth, the principal officer of the customs, by order of the lords of the treasury, under the equipment and enlistment act, on the ground that they were fitted for the purposes of hostilities against a foreign power. Many hundreds of persons joined this remarkable expedition, under the belief that it was to emigrate to a new English colony, but the objects of the feigned emigration having been exposed, the parties most interested addressed a letter to Lord Palmerston, pointing the attention of the



government to the progress of the enlistment which was going on. In consequence of this communication, the principals were watched, and the allegations of the parties who sent the letter to the foreign secretary were sustained. The result was, the seizure of the vessels in question. The flag-ship of General Flores was towed up by two steam tugs, and is moored at the buoys off Blackwall pier. The steamers are lying in the East India dock, all under the surveillance of Mr. Forsyth and his staff of custom-house officers. There are on board the flag-ship about 250 emigrants, or enlisted soldiers, most of whom have been most severely ill-treated and imprisoned in the vessel. Amongst the commissioned officers on board were Sir James Hay, Sir G. Oleyev, Captain Harvey Tucket, (late of the 13th Hussars,) Colonel Wright, Captain Beggs, Captain Sley, Mr. M'Lean, (Major,) and Captain Hay. Now that the vessels have been effectually secured, there is no doubt the next course of the government will be to instruct the principal officer in the customs, Mr. Forsyth, to proceed against all the principals engaged in the expedition.

ACCORDING to the *Clamor Publico*, General Flores' Equador expedition has been making an ominous *début*, even in Spain, both the officers and soldiers of the Durango and Orduna depôts having mutinied and dispersed on their march to Santander.

THE Bey of Tunis, it appears, has caused another diplomatic difficulty. The *Constitutionnel* says:—

"M. Guizot has hardly had time to send out all his invitations for the concert he is about to give on Friday next, in honor of the Bey of Tunis, before it is announced that several members of the diplomatic body, and among them the Austrian and English ambassadors, will not be present, because neither Austria, England, nor the other powers, acknowledge the Bey as a sovereign prince, in which light he has been received in Paris."

The Bey is assiduously engaged in visiting collections of art and the theatres.

CERTAIN rumors recently circulated, relative to the condition of the Queen of Spain, appear to be without foundation.

**LARGE MACHINE SHOP.**—The Philadelphia Inquirer gives the following extract of a letter dated "Head Mechanical Works, Alexandroffsky, St. Petersburg, Russia, Nov. 4th, 1846:

"In the beginning of our operations here, we had much, very much to do, in organizing this mammoth establishment. We found it greatly in decay and confusion, so much so, that we abandoned all the old tools, and fitted up the establishment anew. We were looked upon by many as wild adventurers, and that we had undertaken to do a vast deal more work than it was possible to do in the time allotted; but at the expiration of our second year, they became convinced "that some things could be done as well as others," and at the present time it is only requisite for us to say a thing *can* be done, and all hands knock under; we shall finish this year, or the beginning of the next, the full complement of trucks, (5300,) and in all of next year, (1847,) the 162 locomotives will be finished. We are now driving on with such speed, that we would feel no hesitation in duplicating our first order by 1850. We have limited the number of engines to be turned out to six a month, to prevent running out of materials. We have turned out nine in a month, and

the number for the last ten months is 65—the full number now finished is 85. In our car shops we are getting on very finely; we have delivered to the government 200 platform cars, and 300 box cars, and are now finishing five box cars every day—they are large eight-wheel cars, thirty feet long. We have not yet commenced on the passenger cars, but have completed the building of a shop for that purpose. The building is three hundred seventy-five feet long by sixty wide, and divided into three apartments—the first, for preparing the work, the second for erecting, and the third for painting. The number of cars that we have to make, 2000 box, 580 platform, and 70 passenger cars—making the complement for the 5300 trucks in the first order. Independently of these, we have taken an order for two Imperial cars, seventy feet long, to be placed on sixteen wheels. We are to receive for these cars, — rubles of silver each, or \$8625, without chairs, sofas, or inside trimming. We have undertaken and now have nearly completed, about twenty miles of railroad. This we undertook more for our accommodation than profit, so as to have a portion of the road to operate upon. We have declined making the rest of the road, as it would interfere with our present business. We do considerable transient work, and could have much more if we chose to do it. We are now making seven stationary engines for the interior, and have in hand several heavy orders for bolts and nuts for bridges on the line. This has been a very busy year for me, and our imports have been very heavy, amounting to over half a million of dollars. The number of vessels we have received this year is eighty-five, and there are several more yet to arrive. We have had at times this summer, nearly three thousand men employed, which, together with the foreign business, has given the mercantile department much to do, and, to prevent errors occurring, I have been constantly on the alert. All the business with the government has to be transacted by writing."

#### THE STEAM NAVY.

THE general complaints relative to the large steamers ought to attract the notice of authority. They are asserted universally to be failures; and, though we must make large allowance for the rivalries of trade, the wrath of contractors, and the general inclination to find fault with everything which is done or left undone, yet the facts alleged are of so strong a nature, and the denial of them has been so feeble, that an inquiry into the whole system would obviously be among the first duties of government.

It is said, for instance, that in all the late trials of the squadron of evolution the large steamers have been invariably left behind, a circumstance which would obviously disqualify them from making a part of any expedition in which speed was required, and of which sailing ships formed a part. They are also said to be remarkably liable to go out of repair, a circumstance sufficiently probable from the complication of their machinery, and from the shocks to which it must be liable in rough weather. It has been also said, though the experiment has not yet been fully made, that they are wholly incapable of being made fighting ships, and that the battery of a 16-gun sloop, which costs but about the tenth of the expense of a large steamer, would sink the largest of the class in a quarter of an hour. Thus, with those drawbacks of want of speed, shocks to machinery, and want of fighting

power, the case grows strong against the monster steamers.

But there are some matters which are no longer a subject of conjecture with respect to those vessels, and which ought never to have been left to conjecture. It has been ascertained but lately by experience, that an iron steamer is even more dangerous to its own crew in an engagement than to the enemy. The batteries of Rosas, in the late cannonades of the River Plate, ripped up the iron sides of the steamers, and burst their iron stanchions into missiles more destructive than the balls themselves. Must we not ask, why was not all this known before? When huge iron steamers were about to be fabricated at the cost of about £100,000 apiece, or something more than the cost of a 90-gun ship, why was not the experiment made to ascertain the effect of heavy shot upon plates of iron?

The truth is, that French dexterity has duped us in this instance, as in so many others. The size of the *Gomer* and other French steamers, which after all are fit for nothing but carrying coals, or conveying princes on holiday excursions, set our builders all on determining to rival their magnitude, and we now have the fruits of our rivalry in the ridicule of the public journals.

Still, those steamers are very noble vessels. Equipped with a perfection of skill to which the English artisan alone can attain, and admirable for their proper purposes, the conveyance of troops, passengers, and merchandise, we hope to see them all serving the country as mail packets, passenger ships, and traders. The error consisted in making them ships of war; nor can we much regret that an invention so powerful in promoting the arts of peace should be found inadequate to promoting the evils of hostilities. Still, it is obvious that in defensive war, which is essentially one of the greatest arts of peace, the steamer might be of infinite advantage. It can convey troops up or down rivers with a facility unknown before; it can form an unequalled defence for an open shore; it can watch an enemy's ports; and, by its independence of wind and tide, it can form a powerful coast-guard, where the sailing ships must stand out to sea, or take refuge in harbor. It has also this advantage, that, in case of necessity, the population of the shore could be thrown into the steamer, and serve effectively against an enemy without the discipline requisite to manœuvre the sailing vessel.

We admit that the steamer also increases the opportunities of invasion, but we do not now enter into the general question. The point for consideration is simply, whether we are to go on building steamers of 1,400 tons. We have not the slightest doubt that the fourth part of the tonnage is perfectly sufficient for all the purposes, and is the true size for all the powers of the steamer, besides the important consideration that we might probably have ten steamers of this active and useful class for the expenditure now thrown away on one vast fabric, which can neither follow a fleet, nor fight in the line of battle. The little steamer which left everything behind in the late evolutions of the fleet, and the exploits of the *Nemesis* in the Chinese war, sufficiently show the admirable powers of the smaller class of those vessels; while the lubberly performances of the larger, though manned by clever officers and zealous crews, show their inadequacy for all the purposes of war.—*Britannia*, 5 Dec.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### DIFFUSION OF BOOKS.

##### PROPOSED NEW MODE OF REMUNERATING AUTHORS.

THE *Daily News* states its knowledge, "from an extensive private correspondence," of the great dissatisfaction existing in the British North American provinces, in consequence of the stoppage of the supply of cheap modern books from the United States, in terms of the recent Copyright Act. A paragraph on this subject, which the *News* extracts from the *Montreal Courier*, contains matter worthy of general attention:—"The inhabitants of the United States, actively engaged in agriculture or commerce, and possessing in but a small degree the affluence necessary to the cultivation of letters, depend in a great measure upon the literature of Europe. The supply of the best European authors upon all subjects, which their cheap presses issue at less than a tithe of their cost to other countries—a system of more than doubtful morality—has tended to the discouragement of their own authors. This system, unjust as it is to the European author and publisher, and detrimental also to the American writer, yet has been of vast advantage to the mass of the people, by placing within the reach of the poorest classes the best authors of modern Europe, not only in fiction, but the higher branches of literature. The price of European works is such as to place them beyond the reach of any but the most wealthy. The publishing price of one of Bulwer's or James' novels, or that of any other first-class writer, is 31s. sterling, and the consequence is, that but few copies are sold, except to circulating libraries; but simultaneously with its appearance in London, while noble ladies besiege the librarian for the next perusal of the much-coveted book, the New York carter or daily laborer luxuriates in a copy of his own, purchased for a sixpence. And while the London publisher congratulates himself upon having sold an edition of 3000 in twelve months, the same work has issued from a dozen presses in America in less than as many days, and each publisher has sold perhaps 30,000 copies, which have been distributed throughout every village in the union; and while its merits are being canvassed by the quarterlies and in the clubs, they are also under discussion in the bar-room and the shanty of the "far west." Works of the higher class are in Europe still more expensive, and their circulation consequently more confined; take, for example, "Alison's History of Europe," published, we believe, at £13, 2s. 6d., a price which excludes it from all but the wealthy; the same work was issued in the United States, in sixteen monthly parts, at 25 cents, thus bringing it within the reach of the humblest. The consequence of this system is, that *British authors are better known in the United States than they are in Great Britain, and more copies of their works are to be found in a single city there than in the whole country where they were produced.* The same remarks apply to this colony; but here we labor under greater disadvantages. Until within a late period, we derived our reading chiefly from the same sources through their means; but now we are shut out from that advantage; and although colonial editions of many excellent works are furnished to us at a cheap rate through our enterprising citizens, Messrs. Armour and Ramsay, yet the supply is limited, tardy, and costly."

Mr. Murray, with laudable enterprise, commenced his *Home and Colonial Library* with a view to supplying this deficit; but, excellent as the works in-

cluded in it generally are, and moderate as is their price, it, after all, does not make up for the want of that infinite variety and abundance of cheap reprints which the Canadians formerly obtained from the States. "Right that they should not have these books, seeing that the British author was cheated of his reward for writing them." This is what first occurs to our minds. And yet what an unprecedented diffusion of literature on the other hand—more copies of a popular English book found in a single city of America than in all England! Here, too, surely, is something worthy of being considered. This is an effect of unlimited competition in publishing. In one respect, then, books are not like other property, for, while it may be necessary to give the field to the individual, that it may be duly cultivated and turned to the use of the public, it appears that, to make the book property, narrows its utility in an indefinite degree. "Well, but the author must live by the profits of his productions. No matter though the public be less benefited, so that his interests are protected." Yes; but is the system really good for the author; or might there not be some plan equally good, or better for him, and at the same time free of that taint of monopoly which practically attends the present arrangements with respect to the issuing of the works of modern authors! Not unlikely, surely, if we think of the way in which authorcraft is usually spoken of. Sir Lytton Bulwer, at the late meeting of those concerned in the Booksellers' Provident Retreat, thus expressed himself respecting the way in which literary men are now rewarded by the public:—

"It is in vain to deny that the condition of the literary man has not kept pace with that improvement in society which he has been the main agent to effect. It is not the fault of the publisher. He largely remunerates works commanding a large popular sale; but how many of the greatest intellects employed in literature are engaged in works which, from their nature, are not widely popular, (though, by influencing the thoughts of the few, they ultimately become the civilizers of the many,) and cannot, therefore, by the laws of the market, obtain a suitable remuneration for the time and toil which they have cost! And even the most popular author! What practical man does not know that even the most popular author is compelled to strain every nerve, overtask every effort, if he is condemned to make literature his only available profession! How familiar to many of you must have been the sight of some young author flushed with inauspicious hope at the unexpected sale of his first work; with what pity you must have smiled when you saw him cast away all other calling or vocation, to devote himself to the thankless muse! How sadly you must have anticipated the hour, too soon to come, when, sinking from all his high aspirations, you would see him frittering away his genius in the drudgery of periodicals, making fierce efforts to sustain himself on the surface of the stream he could no longer hope to guide—poor slave to the caprices of the hour! Yes, how familiar to you have been his change from corroding hope to consuming care—his anxious countenance, his decaying health, his untimely grave!"

This is striking enough. We have ourselves, on more than one occasion, shown that the relation of book profits is not to merit, or the absolute usefulness of the book to the public, but to indifferent qualities, and even to merely physical peculiarities, as the size of the work. It therefore appears that the present system, while it acts as a powerful

restraint upon the circulation of books, is not attended by very good effects with respect to their authors. A literary man living by the profits of his books is a rarity amongst us, and, if we are not greatly mistaken, will continue to be so. The instances in which the present system answers, may be said to be exceptions from the rule. The Copyright Act was hurried on through a frantic eagerness to take away this reproach; but it is incapable of remedying the evil. Its extensions of right will chiefly be prolongations of monopoly to particular publishers. Even where the author keeps his copyright, his best interests will not be greatly advanced. That blight which seems to fall wherever there is exclusive right to produce or to deal, becomes visible, and the public at once is starved of its literary fare, and the author of his necessary comforts.

Suppose that the American government were to resolve upon making compensation to the few British authors whose writings are usually reprinted there, would a large sum be necessary to make up for all they would have got from American republishers, had they possessed a right of copy in that country! We venture to say that £2000 would more than repay the whole amount of such moneys for any one of the past twenty years. But had a few booksellers been the dispensers of this money, should we have had to say that there were more copies of the books in one American city than in all England! No; the result in that respect would have been very different. English books would have been as rarely scattered amongst families as they are here. *Yet the same money, and no more, would have been realized by the author.*

This suggests that there might be an arrangement by which, while authors were equally, or perhaps better rewarded, the advantage of a perfectly free competition in the trading part of their business might be realized for the public. Suppose that every book were left free to be reprinted by any bookseller, and that the state took the assignment of rewards to authors upon itself, the object would be accomplished. In that case, undoubtedly, every book of merit, or possessing attractive qualities, would be disseminated in showers of copies, in all forms, and at all prices, over the length and breadth of these islands, exactly as books have for some years been diffused over America. The dullness and difficulty which attend every form of bookselling amongst us at present, would be replaced by the vitality and facility which belong to untrammelled trade. We should then see the best productions of modern intellect extending from the narrow limits of the city book-club, and the boudoir of the noble and gentleman, to places analogous to "the bar-room and the shanty of the far west." The stimulus that would thus be given to *mind* amongst all classes of the community, might be expected to tell immensely in our social progress. How much drunkenness it would extirpate! How much rudeness, how much discontent, would vanish before such a flush of intellectual enjoyment!

"But the rewards of the authors—how could these be properly assigned under such a system?" Nothing more easy. In the generality of cases, the multitude of editions and of copies, their bulk and price, would form elements for the calculation of these rewards. In other instances, where the books were not of a popular, and yet obviously useful character, sums might be given according to the best judgment that could be formed. Discrepancies there might be between desert and reward



in the working of this plan, but they could hardly be one fourth so great as those now witnessed every day, and submitted to as the will of destiny.

Thus would literature be brought under the principle of free trade. Perhaps even the striking character of the publishing business in America is scarcely a sufficient illustration of the benefits of this system. While writing these paragraphs, a pamphlet has come into our hands, "Bible Emancipation, or the Extraordinary Results of Unfettered Bible Printing, &c., by Adam Thomson, D. D." It informs us that the cessation of the monopoly of the queen's printers in Scotland has been followed by an enormous increase in the production of copies of the Scriptures in our portion of the island. In 1832, the number of Bibles printed in Great Britain was 234,420, of which about 80,000 are calculated to have been printed in Scotland, leaving 154,420 as produced in England. Now, in 1845, a single publishing company at Coldstream issued 178,200 copies; being nearly 100,000 more than were produced in Scotland ten years before, and 23,780 more than had been printed during 1832 in all England by the queen's printers and both the privileged universities! Against the 234,420, which was the total of 1832, set 312,000 produced during 1845 in Scotland alone, under the advantage of free competition! The first effect of competition in this, as in all other instances, was to lower price. Copies of the Bible and New Testament are now sold at a half, and even a third, of their former prices, without any falling of in either paper or binding. Here is the secret of the increased sale. "It is undeniably," says the last report of the commissioners on Bible printing, "to the reduction of price which free competition has effected, that the increased circulation is to be attributed."

We would have literary men seriously to consider these things. Their present situation is one which seems to indicate an unsoundness somewhere. It appears to be one of those cases where, something being wrong at starting, nothing comes right. Precisely such evils are seen every day to arise from errors in political economy, of which the principle of monopoly is one. Monopoly may, therefore, be suspected to be at the bottom of no small portion of those calamities of genius which are so often and so fruitlessly deplored. If this be the case, the sooner the remedy is applied the better.

**NATURAL HISTORY OF THE POTATO DISEASE.\*—**A. Smee, Esq., F. R. S., surgeon to the Bank of England, has furnished a work on the potato, of the most useful description at the present moment. The facts which he describes prove that the disease is produced by a member of the aphides family, which, as significant of its destroying properties, Mr. Smee calls "vastator," (the destroyer.) This little insect is so numerous sometimes, that Mr. Smee has scooped up half a pill-box full of the winged creatures from a single leaf of the beet plant. It is migratory in its habits, and there is a preternatural abundance of the race; wherever they settle a dry or moist gangrene immediately follows, which cuts off the nourishment that the plant derives through the leaves. This gangrene sometimes is upwards and sometimes downwards. A theory has been started that the potato has had its career; that the plant has become old, and is now dying. Mr. Smee, however, states that facts do not bear out this assertion. The author describes

the nature and habits of the "aphis vastator." If the leaves and stalk of the potato plant be carefully examined, a small insect will be found, feeding either alone or in company, principally on the under surface of the leaf. It adheres to the plant, in a state of repose, with its antennae reflexed over its back, a sort of proboscis applied to the leaf, and is of the same color as the leaf. The vastator comes upon the potato plant in a winged state, and there brings forth its young alive, which multiply so rapidly that Reaumur has proved, that in five generations one insect may be the progenitor of 5,904,900,000 descendants, and it is supposed that in one year there may be 20 generations. So numerous are these aphides, that the author has seen the whole air filled with them in the form of a mist; the creatures have even settled upon himself in the streets of London, and wherever he has been he has seen the destroyer winging its way to further destruction. The vastator passes over a field like a blast; it damages the root, lessens the vital power of the plant, and the insect then assumes the winged state and flies away. The vastator by no means confines its ravages to the potato; it preys on the turnip, beet-root, cabbage, broccoli, radish, horse-radish, various wild solani, henbane, stramonium, belladonna, clover, groundsel, euphorbia, some sorts of rumex, mallow, shepherd's-purse, holy-thistle, and some kinds of grass; it will also live upon wheat, Jerusalem artichoke, and the sweet potato. In the midst of this general devastation, however, we draw encouragement for the future, from the well-known fact that aphides are kept in subjection by other insects, by ichneumons and other hymenoptera; by various coleoptera, as ladybirds, by some dipterous insects, and by spiders, birds, &c.—*Jerrold.*

#### TO A WEARIED WORKER.

"REST?"—Thou must not seek for rest  
Until thy task be done;  
Thou must not lay thy burthen down  
Till setting of the sun.

Thou must not weary of the life,  
Nor scorn thy lowly lot,  
Nor cease to work, because such work  
Thy neighbor prizeth not.

Thou must not let thy heart grow cold,  
Nor hush each generous tone,  
Nor veil the bright love in thine eye;  
Thou must not live alone.

When others strive, thou too must help,  
And answer when they call;  
The power to love God gave to thee,  
Thou must employ for all.

"Freedom and Rest" thou wouldest have:  
Freedom is service meet;  
And rest of soul is but a name  
For toil amid life's heat.

Unmoved to gaze upon the strife,  
Is not true liberty;  
To others thou must minister,  
Wouldest thou be truly free.

In the outward world 't is vain to seek  
The Eden thou wouldest win;  
That ancient paradise is gone—  
Thine Eden is within.

*People's Journal.*

\* Republished by Wiley & Putnam.

From Chambers' Journal.

## WHAT IS MACHINERY DOING FOR US?

THIS is a question which has been often asked, and one which has been as often and variously answered. That machinery has done much for us, both economically and morally, must be admitted on all hands; and, taking the recent progress of the arts into account, it is equally certain that it is destined to accomplish still greater marvels. It may be true that its adoption has, in some instances, been attended with temporary evils, but no one would argue from such a fact against the general and permanent employment of a power which tends to diminish human labor, and to extend human comforts—placing within the reach of the many what would otherwise be attainable only by the few. Besides, in the consideration of all such subjects, our estimate should be made for the general, and not for the particular; our object should be what is best for the whole race, and not what may be temporarily detrimental to a fraction of some peculiar section—bearing in mind that, ultimately, the interest of the individual is never more surely or more thoroughly secured than through the good of the entire community. Laying aside, therefore, all argument on this head as at once futile and unworthy, we mean to take a glance at the recent progress of the mechanical arts, in answer to the question with which we set out—a question which, every year, requires a more varied and extensive answer.

At the beginning of the current century, the mechanical apparatus of Britain was of a simple, and scanty description; agriculture could boast of nothing like machinery; spinning and weaving were done by hand; our ships were wafted by the breeze, or lay at rest when there was no breeze to waft them; printing, paper-making, and in fact almost every art, was executed with primitive hand-machines; the joiner, blacksmith, and mason toiled on with patient ingenuity, little dreaming that the time was approaching when a machine, guided by a single hand, would accomplish with ease the work of fifty. Those things which we now regard as rude and primitive were looked upon as marvels; a common damask loom, or a thrashing machine, would have been a curiosity worth a fifty miles' journey. Now all this is changed, and there is scarcely a single manual operation, from the most simple and rude, to the most intricate and delicate, which is not less or more facilitated by mechanical aids.

In agriculture, the flail is superseded by machinery driven by steam; and this machine not only thrashes and winnows, but bags and weighs the grain for market. Sowing, drilling, and dibbling machines, of innumerable variety, are now on every well-regulated farm, doing their work with such nicety, that we might almost ascertain the number of grains necessary to the planting of a field. Ploughing has, in some instances, been executed by steam apparatus; and draining and drain-tile making have also come under the same omnipotent sway. Even reaping, one of the nicest and most careful of all agricultural operations, has been successfully accomplished by machinery, which does all but fasten the sheaf and arrange the corn in shocks. Thus one of the homeliest of all pursuits can boast of its mechanical triumphs in the steam thrashing-mill, in the recently-attempted ploughing apparatus, and in the more delicate and complicated reaping machine.

In operations little removed from agriculture as regards nicety of manipulation or delicacy of finish, the potent arm of invention has also been exercising its control. An excavating machine has been perfected in the United States, and is now successfully employed in our own island, capable of performing the work of thirty ordinary laborers, and that in all sorts of soils unincumbered with rock. Machinery now presses peat into fuel, and fashions tiles and bricks by myriads; it breaks stones for macadamizing roads, and dresses their surface for pavement; it sweeps our streets with a precision and rapidity which the scavenger cannot equal; it saws and polishes the marble of the sculptor, and converts the most refractory granite into the most beautiful ornaments. The joiner calls in its aid to saw and plane his timber; the cartwright to finish his wheels; the cooper to build his barrels; the carpenter to fashion and finish his blocks, as in Brunel's wonderful blockmaking machine; and the worker in metals makes the same power roll his material into sheets, square it into bars, fashion it into nails—makes it pierce holes, fasten rivets; directs it, in fine, to cut, file, polish, or stamp with a rapidity and precision which is all but miraculous.

Again, if we turn to more delicate arts, we find its aptitude still more marvellous and universal. The sculptor and engraver perform their most delicate touches and finest tints by its aid—a few hours producing a delicacy, complexity, and regularity of lines which the human hand can never possibly accomplish. The jeweller and goldsmith makes it perform his most delicate operations in chasing and embossing; the watchmaker calls in its power and precision to fashion the nicest parts of his machinery; and the philosophical instrument-maker forms by its aid a screw, or divides a scale in proportions, which the microscope alone can decipher. In printing, we see its triumphs in the steam-press and the composing machine; and also in the kindred apparatus for stamping, embossing, and coloring of paper, cloth and other ornamental fabrics. The paper-mill—in which rags are cleaned, converted into pulp, reduced to paper, and that paper sized, smoothed, and cut into perfect sheets—is indeed a curiosity; and yet it is only one of a thousand such inventions. Is it in spinning!—then we have the numberless improvements and complications of Arkwright's invention as applied to cotton, silk, linen, or wool—these machines not only cleaning and carding the material, but drawing it out in delicacy fine as the slenderest gossamer. Allied to these are the thread, cord, and cable-making machinery scattered over our island; as well as the curious inventions for braiding and plaiting straw, working network, lace, braid, caoutchouc fabric, and the like. As in spinning, so in weaving we have a vast number of machines, which, though in every-day operation around us, must ever be regarded with curious interest. The Jacquard, damask, and carpet looms, either worked by steam or by manual labor, are, in reality, greater marvels than the automata with which our forefathers puzzled themselves; and would be so esteemed, did not frequency and familiarity banish our wonder. To these we may add such recent inventions as the mechanism for portrait weaving, for glass-spinning and weaving, for sewing and stitching, and for the fabrication of card-web. The latter, for example, at once unwinds the wire from the reel, bends it, cuts it, pierces the holes, inserts the tooth, drives it home, and, lastly, gives it, when inserted, the requisite angle—with the same, or rather with greater pre-

cision and accuracy than the most skilled set of human fingers could; and with such astonishing expedition, that one machine performs a task which would require the labor of at least ten men of average ability.

Though wind, falling water, and animal power may be, and are in many instances, applied to the movement of such machinery as we have above alluded to, yet there can be little doubt that, without the aid of the steam-engine, many of them would have never been thought of, or at all events never brought to their present perfection. It is to this, the most powerful and most uniform of all known motive forces, that the modern world owes its astonishing advances in the arts of civilized life—to this that we still look for further and still greater advances. It is in our mines and beside our furnaces; in our factories and workshops; in our mills, bakehouses, and breweries; it is on our roads and our rivers, and on the great ocean itself, bringing, as it were, the most distant and inaccessible places into close communion and reciprocation of produce. Exerting the strength of one man or the power of one thousand horses with equal indifference, the steam-engine, in all its variety of form, is the most powerful auxiliary which man ever called to his aid. In all its forms, whether atmospheric, double-condensing, high-pressure or low-pressure rotary or otherwise, it is a curiosity of art, as is most of the apparatus with which it is connected. Perhaps the most wonderful forms in which its power now manifests itself are the railway locomotive, shooting along at the rate of sixty or eighty miles an hour; and in the giant iron steamer, crossing the waters of the Atlantic in as brief a space as, a century ago, our forefathers would have required to pass from Edinburgh to London.

Such are the physical triumphs of machinery: its economical effects are not less striking and important. Every invention and adaptation which lightens the toil of manual labor, which produces in a given time two bricks, or blocks, or barrels, instead of one; which cheapens the price of any article, so as to put it within the purchase of a greater number of consumers, confers a boon on human kind by increasing the means of their happiness and comfort. Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the price of human food, there can be no doubt, that, as a nation, we are better and more luxuriously fed than were our ancestors a century ago; and this mainly through the instrumentality of machinery bringing within the purchase of the working-man the grain, and fruits, and delicacies which formerly were reserved for the great and opulent. Poets may talk as they will of the simple and ample fare of our ancestors; but the matter is all a fiction, or at least but a colored picture. The food of the peasant and artisan of those times was rude and in nutritious at best; indifferent as to material, and still more so as to cooking; and that it was not always so ample, the fearful famines which so frequently overtook our country, and which are now altogether unknown, but too fully corroborate. Now, a bad season, or series of bad seasons, may befall us, such as happened from 1837 to 1841, and that in conjunction with commercial depression, and yet the result be comparatively harmless. Seasonal influences do not tell so severely upon our now better-cultured country; every process is now so materially shortened by the aid of machinery, that we are less, as it were, at the mercy of the weather; and, granting one section of a country or continent did suffer from seasonal severity, our roads, and

railways, and steam-vessels bring us in immediate proximity with those portions which have enough and to spare. The same remarks are equally applicable to clothing—the next great want of man in all extra-tropical regions. Here the most prejudiced must admit that in beauty, quality, and price, the clothing of the present day is not for an instant to be compared with that of our ancestors; and that, had machinery done nothing more than so extend and enrich the produce of the spinning-wheel and loom, it would have been worthy of all the commendation that has been bestowed upon it. Now the girl that serves for her humble “penny-fee” is clad in raiment which the mistress of the last century would have thought it extravagant to wear; and the toiling mechanic, week-day or Sunday, is habited in a style which no country, save a mechanical one like Britain, could supply. So, also, with our habitations; although the increase of population in some districts may press too closely upon supply in this respect, and leave the lower classes in circumstances frequently distressing to witness. Granting that this exception is to be made—and yet it might be shown, we believe, that the lower classes are not one whit worse now than they were under the system of mud hut and straw hovel—a middle-class tradesman of the present day enjoys a habitation possessing more of the real comforts and elegancies of life, than most of the feudal barons of old, in all their pomp and power, could boast of. And it is to be hoped that, aided as we are by the power of machinery on every hand, and aware, as the country now is, of its necessities in this respect, the era has already commenced when healthful and becoming dwellings will be as common to our well-behaved artisans as is their Sunday’s coat or their Sunday’s dinner. In the three great requisites of life—food, clothing, and habitation—it must therefore be admitted that machinery has effected, and is still effecting, vast economical changes; nor will it be denied that, on the score of time and distance, it has already given to a single day the scope of a week, and compressed the journey of a week into the drive of a morning.

But all this, much as it is, would be saying little in favor of mechanical power, did it not tell in some measure on the moral and intellectual advancement of the human race. It has been well said, pointing to the higher attributes of our nature, that “man does not live by bread alone;” and it is important to know in what degree machinery has contributed to the requirements of that more exalted nature. At first sight, anything that assists in the culture of the mere animal, which feeds, and clothes, and renders it more comfortable, and which raises it above the perpetual drudgery of simple existence, must have a tendency to elevate the mental faculties, by affording a fuller and freer scope for their development. And this—albeit that some are so blinded by prejudice as to deny it—has been one of the most direct and obvious results of our mechanical progress. Where people are well fed, and clothed, and housed, and have the amenities of life in greater abundance and beauty around them, they must be naturally more disposed to adopt a higher mental tone and standard. Nay, the very fact of continued mechanical advancement bespeaks of itself an intellectual progress; and though intelligence be not always a guarantee for the moral virtues, morality has never a surer basis than in a cultivated mind—the heart is never less liable to err than when directed by the judgment. But for machinery—the steam-engine and printing-machine—that diffusion

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of literature which is now almost as universal as the air we breathe, could have never been accomplished. True, there may be evil diffused along with the good, for what of human is perfect? But without mechanical aids, that information which it is the privilege of our meaneast workmen to acquire, would have still been confined to the opulent few; that rapidity of intelligence which tends so much to whet and foster our mental activity, would have been unknown; and that leverage of civilization which the missionary and philanthropist so beneficially employ, would have been altogether denied them.

Nor is it on the mere quantum of information thus supplied that we would found the claims of machinery; every new fact gained gives birth to others, it may be, of greater importance; and a population living as we do amid so many triumphs of mechanical ingenuity and skill, must, in the course of a few generations, become naturally more expert and ingenious. It is true that the mechanical tendencies of the present age have drawn men into new relations, and placed them in densely-congregated masses, where peculiar temptations more readily beset them. But, judging coolly on this point, we do not see that our countrymen have in the least become worse than their ancestors, while they have relinquished much of the ruteness and grossness of the vices which characterized former times. On the contrary, we would contend for an obvious improvement in all the social relations of life, for an order and external demeanor hitherto wholly unknown in this or in any other country. The order necessarily observed in all our factories and public works, in consequence of their strictly mechanical nature, insensibly induces to an orderly disposition; while the fact of meeting together so frequently induces emulation, and this emulation leads to self-respect and self-improvement—facts which are amply illustrated by the establishment of educational institutions, lecture-rooms, benefit and temperance societies, baths, places of public recreation, and the like—features peculiar to this so-called mechanical era. Again, the facilities of travelling, recent as these are, are already beginning to tell on the social relations of our countrymen. As we know each other better, we are less liable to offend, and more likely to forgive; and on the development of these Christian doctrines the influence of machinery is much greater than superficial thinkers may imagine. As mechanical adaptations increase and are diffused, so will our social and commercial relations increase and strengthen; and to these we shall in time owe the extinction of warfare, one of the darkest stains on the history of our race. It is a curious fact, that warfare never raged more fiercely than under religious zeal and professional puritanism; and it will be more curious still, if, under this sometimes scoffed-at mechanical age, national warfare be relinquished as a barbarity degrading to rational nature. Of course, as in all considerations of this kind, it is sometimes difficult to discriminate between cause and effect; but of this, we should think, there can be no doubt that machinery, if it has not been the cause, has been at least a close concomitant, of every case of advancement to which we have here hastily alluded.

PEELER, THE DOG OF THE POLICE.—During the recent investigation relative to the manner in which the policeman came by his death at Kingstown, a little active and inquisitive dog of the Labradore breed was seen from time to time during each day

running in and out of the room, as if he took a personal interest in the inquiry. The dog was admired, and a gentleman in the police establishment was asked to whom it belonged. "Oh," said he, "don't you know him? We thought every one knew Peeler, the dog of the police." The gentleman then proceeded to give the interrogator the history of this singular dog. It appeared from the story that, a few years ago, poor little Peeler tempted the canine appetite of a Mount St. Bernard, or Newfoundland dog, and was in peril of being swallowed up by him for a luncheon, when a policeman interposed, and, with a blow of his baton, levelled the assailant, and rescued the assailed. From that time Peeler has united his fortunes with those of the police: wherever they go, he follows; whether pacing with measured tread the tedious "beat," or engaged in the energetic duty of arresting a disturber of the public peace. He is a self-constituted general-superintendent of the police, visiting station after station, and after he has made his observations in one district, wending his way to the next. He is frequently seen to enter a third-class carriage at the Kingstown Railway, get out at Black Rock, visit the police station there, continue his tour of inspection to Booterstown, reach there in time for the train as before, and go on to Dublin to take a peep at the "metropolitans;" and having satisfied himself that "all is right," return by an early evening train to Kingstown. He sometimes takes a dislike to an individual, and shuns him as anxiously as he wags his tail at the approach and frisks about the feet of another for whom he has a regard. There is one man in the force for whom he has this antipathy; and a day or two ago, seeing him in "the train," he left the carriage and waited for the next, preferring a delay of half an hour to such company; and when the bell rang, with the eagerness with which protracted joy is sought, he ran to his accustomed seat in "the third-class." His partiality for the police is extraordinary: wherever he sees a man in the garb of a constable, he expresses his pleasure by walking near him, rubbing against, and dancing about him; nor does he forget him in death, for he was at his post at the funeral of Daly, the policeman, who was killed in Kingstown. He is able to recognize a few in plain clothes, but they must have been old friends of his. Wherever he goes he gets a crust, a piece of meat, a pat on the head, or a rub down upon his glossy back, from the hand of a policeman; and he is as well known amongst the body as any man in it. We have heard of the dog of Montargis, the soldier's dog, the blind beggar's dog, and the dog of the monks of St. Bernard, and been delighted by stories of their fidelity and sagacity, but none are more interesting than Peeler, the dog of the police, "whose heart enlarged with gratitude to one, grows bountiful to all."—*Saunders' News-Letter.*

Let some fast-growing plants be placed against a southern wall; the grape-vine and the hop are good specimens. Early in the morning, when there is likely to be a hot, sunny day, make a mark on the wall level with the top of the shoot, and though the sun shine hotly on that shoot all the day, it will not increase. But observe it the next morning; it will have grown from half an inch to two inches. The common white clover opens its leaves in the morning, and closes them at night; when they are open to the sun, they do not increase, but when they are folded in sleep, they do, and they are larger the next morning than they were at night. And this growth will be in proportion to the heat and light of the previous day.—This appears to establish two facts—first, that plants increase during sleep or repose; and secondly, that growth is something reflex, it being proportioned to previous exercise or excitement—nutrition and growth going on while there is the least excitement from external things.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## MR. WILLIAM DOUGAL CHRISTIE.

MR. WILLIAM DOUGAL CHRISTIE, the member for Weymouth, has constituted himself the public censor of our universities; and by so doing, has volunteered to be the parliamentary antagonist of Sir Robert Inglis. It is probable that the honorable gentleman has reason to believe that there are in the background influential persons who are animated by a strong hatred towards the universities; prompted in some by a sincere belief that their affairs are not well administered; in others, by sectarian feeling; and in others, by that levelling spirit which will never be satisfied so long as there is any constituted authority, or any institution, however sacred or however useful, in the country, which they can still look forward to being able, some day or other, to destroy. Perhaps, too, Mr. Christie may have foresight enough to perceive, that at no very distant period the party with which he is linked may be engaged in a crusade against the established church; in which case any member who had busied himself in attacking or in striving to undermine any outworks of that institution would, by so doing, have made for himself a claim to future position and influence. Although Mr. Christie may not have been disposed openly to identify himself with the dissenters as a party, he could not have failed to perceive that in some respects they want representatives in Parliament; and the course which he has taken on several occasions seems to indicate a wish on his part that he may be chosen as one of their organs, as soon as circumstances would render such a position a safe one to himself, and one that he could assume in his political capacity without loss of caste. The difference between the parliamentary position of Mr. Christie on the one hand, and Sir Robert Inglis on the other, is, that the one is thus a mere volunteer, bidding for the favors of a class of persons with whom he has no direct relations, while the other is the chosen and trusted advocate of bodies of men, so respectable for their intellectual standing, and so powerful from their social position, that they have been always able to command the services of the best men of the day. The contrast between the two men, however, extends beyond their parliamentary position. They are as opposed in their personal and mental traits as they are in their political mission. As Sir Robert Inglis may be said not merely to represent, in a constitutional sense, but also in his character, the important bodies of whom he is the organ, so also does Mr. Christie, in his restless animosity to established institutions, his skeptical arrogance in sifting their proceedings and questioning the legitimacy of their origin and of the conditions of their existence, his want of deference to any authority, whether those which have been cemented by time and law, or that which is generated by respect for superior intellectual powers, present us with a very fair type of the multifarious minds who are arraying themselves silently, but extensively, against the most ancient, time-honored, and valuable ideas and principles with which politics have been associated in the minds of the British people.

Mr. Christie is a man of great perseverance and no little energy of character. If he do not succeed in forcing himself upwards in the world, it will not be for want of trying those expedients that might be conclusive to that result. He is still a very young man, scarcely more than thirty years of age,

and has not been in Parliament more than about five years; yet he has succeeded in attracting considerable attention, both within the house and out of doors. It is fair to him to say, that considering the ungracious part he has sometimes undertaken, and that he is not naturally calculated to propitiate or to prepossess one in his favor, he has contrived to pass through a somewhat dangerous ordeal without discredit to himself, while he has succeeded in acquiring a reputation for a considerable amount of ready talent, which, if it should not be perverted by sinister influences, especially a growing vanity, which is already perceptible in the honorable member, may hereafter be of considerable service to himself and to the public. At present he has not done much, but what he has done has been characterized by ability. His speeches upon the subject of the alleged abuses in the universities, in which he did not confine himself to those abuses, but also indulged in many sneering attacks on the institutions themselves, did not find so much favor with the house as their intrinsic merit deserved, or as they would have met with had the same amount of cleverness been exerted on a subject less offensive to long-cherished feelings of reverence which our public men never forget, even in the hottest turmoil of political life. It would have been better for Mr. Christie's fame had he chosen almost any other theme for his parliamentary displays, as his talent would then have had fair scope, without having to battle against a host of what he, perhaps, would consider blind prejudices. But in spite of the dislike the house took, not only to his subject but also to a flippancy in his mode of treating it, there was a smartness and self-possession, and a skilful working-up of the points of his case, which indicated that there was good stuff in him, which might, at some future time, prove useful.

The Andover Union inquiry brought him much more favorably before the public. There he was the advocate of objects which were appreciated by all humane men; and although he took a more prominent and active part in the inquiry than his parliamentary standing justified, still he seemed so earnest in the cause that even the extreme flippancy of much of his conduct was overlooked. It was his good fortune to be on the right side, and to have with him the sympathies of a great portion of the public and the press.

Of Mr. Christie as a speaker, not much requires to be said. His qualifications are not of a very high order. Nature has not gifted him, in the first instance, with any very prepossessing physical attributes, and he does not seem to have endeavored to improve the few advantages he possesses by care and training. His appearance is rather disadvantageous to him. There are undoubted evidences of mental power. A very piercing eye, and a countenance capable of quick and various expression, propitiate the observer to a certain extent; but there is in the whole bearing a restlessness and want of dignity. A pert, obtrusive manner, and an eagerness to offer his opinions, not so much to throw a light upon the subject as either to exhibit himself or to annoy his antagonists, generate an involuntary reserve towards him, almost amounting to a repugnance, in well-regulated minds. There is too much in his political proceedings that recalls the old idea of the Radical—the meddling, grumbling, troublesome spirit, that will be dissatisfied with everything, the good as well as the bad. He belongs to that class of minds of which specimens may be seen in full bloom at a metropolitan vestry, who seem

From Chambers' Journal.

## YOUTH OF MODERN INFLUENCES.

animated by an indefinite spirit of partisanship—a natural combativeness and disposition to attack whatever can be made obnoxious to censure, fair or unfair. Though they are partisans, they are of no party except that which will advance their own interest; and perhaps their only claim to praise on moral grounds is, that although their motives are interested, they are not mercenary; they cannot be hired out, as men of less moral determination may be, to do the work of others. These defects are chiefly exhibited in his occasional intrusions on the attention of the house, when something or other has turned up which excites the irritability and disposition to cavil and combat which seems to be at the bottom of his nature. He is ever ready on such occasions, and not disposed to confine himself merely to defence. He will attack also with great vigor and no little skill, using his sarcasm so cautiously, and yet with so certain an effect, as to show that it is quite possible he may, when his powers are more matured and his views more enlarged, become a formidable antagonist. In command of temper, he stands far above Mr. Roebuck; but he has the same disposition to be always fighting sword in hand, though he is not chargeable with going to the same lengths in splenetic indulgence with the honorable member for Bath.

On the other hand, Mr. Christie has made one or two speeches which indicate him as having the capacity for efforts of a high order. They were distinguished by closeness of reasoning in the argumentative part, great fertility of ideas, command of choice, and, occasionally, even elegant diction, and a general coherency and sustentation, which might not have been expected from a man of apparently such strong political feeling. One thing in his favor is, that he never makes blunders, never has to retract or explain what he has said. All is clear and intelligible, whatever may be its intrinsic value. Mr. Christie has also some humor, or at least a smart and clever facility of detecting the incongruous and absurd, which passes current for humor. His speeches are, however, much weakened in force by his undignified manner, and rapid, unemphatic delivery. More study of the most obvious oratorical arts would much enhance Mr. Christie's value in this respect. Upon the whole, for the short time he has been in Parliament, and considering that he has had to make his own opportunities, he has so far secured a position for himself that judicious management must obtain for him, in the constant mutations of party, that professional and official promotion which, in all probability, is the great object of his exertions in Parliament. But if he looks forward to success in the more legitimate channels of advancement, he will do wisely to moderate his tone. Although he came out triumphantly from his brief struggle some time since with his secret enemies in the borough of Weymouth, the hint thrown out by some of his constituents that they wanted a "bigger and a better man" to represent them, should not wholly be thrown away upon him. In a moral and political point of view Mr. Christie might, he may rest assured, be both a bigger and a better man. With more enlarged views, with a greater reverence for authority in some shape or other, and a more moderate estimate of his own powers, he would be much more likely to achieve that success and deserve that respect which we will do him the justice to believe are among the objects of his perfectly legitimate, but at present somewhat ill-directed, activity in public life.

THE influences which are now chiefly concerned in producing changes in society—which, in fact, are creating its characteristic form and features—are all of a very youthful kind, and may be said to have been born in the present century. Strictly speaking, not one of them can be called *new*, for their elements, like the elements of everything else, have been in existence since the world began. It is of the discovery of their application by man that we now speak; their combination into forms that are useful to him; their regulation and direction so as to execute the purposes of his will; and of their active and conspicuous power in improving and advancing civilization. By the very nature of things, it is impossible that society can, for an instant, stand still. Its progress is as irresistible as the progress of time itself. The means by which it is made to advance are constantly supplied, and when one series of influences has done its work, another has already come into activity. In the present century, many influences that ruled society in other days have lost their power, and agents of a younger and better kind have acquired a sway. Under these, things are daily changing; and society, from centre to circumference, is becoming renewed. The warlike and the destructive have given place to the peaceful and the preserving; the hissing of steam has been the unequivocal signal for many old evils to quit the sphere where they had acted too long.

Thirty years of peace have had a most extraordinary effect in developing the resources of this country. Those who lived before the memorable year 1815, can call up before their mind's eye a striking picture of two phases of civilization—military glory, with its usual attendants, death, misery, and enormous national expense, on the one side; and "quiet, gentle peace," with advancement in knowledge, discoveries in science, revelations of domestic evils, and earnest efforts to abolish them, on the other. Great Britain, indeed all Europe, on the 18th of June, 1815,

"Laid down an old sad weary work,  
And took up a newer and a better."

The intelligence of the battle of Waterloo had reached this country only for a few days, when an event occurred, so apparently trifling, as almost, amid the universal rejoicing, to escape notice. This was the appearance, for the first time, (28th June, 1815,) of a steam-ship on the river Mersey. The vessel was built at Glasgow, and was intended to ply between Liverpool and Runcorn, a small port about eighteen miles up the river in the direction of Manchester. War had just marched out with military honors on Waterloo when this solitary steamer, the pioneer of peace, arrived with little pomp or honor in the Mersey. Exactly thirty years after this, the waters of the same river presented a sight which no man who saw the little Glasgow steamer paddle into it in 1815 would, in his wildest and most sanguine hopes, have predicted. On the 25th of July, 1845, the Great Britain, the largest steamer now afloat, departed from Liverpool on her first voyage across the Atlantic. Thirty years before, a river voyage of thirty miles in a steamer had been considered a wondrous feat; now a sea voyage of three thousand is looked upon as a thing of course. One small steamer was then a surprising instance of human skill; now crowds of such vessels, large and small, on the



Mersey, have become matters of every-day observation, and their absence would be a greater wonder than their presence.

Though it was not till 1815 that steamers were first introduced on the Mersey, yet they had, a few years before, been employed in America and on the Clyde. Not one, however, was brought into public use before the beginning of this century. In the year 1788, while the notables of France were assembled at Versailles, and that nation was on the threshold of its world-famed revolution, a revolution of a different kind, and destined to be more lasting and beneficial, was in preparation on a small piece of water called Dalswinton Loch, in the pleasure-ground of a gentleman in the south of Scotland. Three gentlemen,\* one of them named Symington, were there and then trying to propel a pleasure-boat by means of a steam-engine. They succeeded; but the birthday of their invention had not yet come. The eyes of the world were directed to France, and few men even knew that such a place as Dalswinton Loch existed. A few years afterwards, a stranger from America, Fulton by name, "a tall and slender, but well-formed man," happened to be in Paris while Napoleon was meditating his invasion of England; and it is said that the American offered to build vessels which would carry the invading Frenchmen over to Sussex from Boulogne. He was allowed to make some experiments, which did not succeed. The Boulogne army never crossed the English Channel, but marched into the heart of Europe, to fight and gain the battles of Austerlitz and Jena. Fulton, however, crossed the channel, and obtained from Symington, on the Forth and Clyde Canal, an explanation of his mode of propelling vessels. He then returned to his home in the new world; and while Napoleon was issuing his notorious Berlin decree, the first steamboat of Fulton was navigating the Hudson. In 1811, when the "Grand Army" of France was preparing to invade Russia, the first British steamboat was launched near Glasgow by Henry Bell; and while the old power of the sword was expiring in convulsions amid the Russian snows, the new power of steam was trying its youthful strength on the waters of the Clyde. The agents of civilization "have their exits and their entrances, and each one in its turn plays many parts."

Since that time the progress of steam-navigation has been swift and sure. It has had the freest and fullest scope; for it has been fostered and promoted by a rapidly-growing intercourse between all the nations of the earth, and has been neither checked nor stayed by the evil spirit of war. In 1815, three steamers belonged to England, and in twenty years that number was increased to three hundred and forty-four. The Red Sea was navigated by steamers, bearing the Indian mails, in 1834; in 1838, the Atlantic was crossed for the first time by steam; in 1840 the line of mail steamers between England and America commenced to run; and in 1842, the steamer Forth, bearing the mails, departed for the first time from Southampton for the West Indies.

Railway travelling, which is one of the most

\* Mr. Miller, of Dalswinton, who had experimented in a boat with hand-driven paddles; James Taylor, the preceptor of Mr. Miller's sons, who had suggested the application of the steam-engine to this kind of navigation; Symington, a mechanist, who was called in to make and apply the engine, and who, about the same time, was experimenting upon a steam-carriage for common roads. Symington seems to have had the principal merit in keeping the project alive, till it was taken up by Bell and Fulton.

important influences of the present day, is even younger than steam-navigation. During the last century several tramways were constructed, but they were all short lines, generally in the neighborhood of coal-works, wrought by horses, and used only for the conveyance of minerals. The idea of using the power of steam to propel carriages was suggested by many scientific men. Symington constructed a model of a steam-carriage, which he exhibited in Edinburgh about the time that he was engaged in the experiment that led to the construction of steam-ships. But nothing of a practical or public kind was done until the year 1804, when Mr. Trevithick constructed a locomotive, which was made to run on a railway at Merthyr Tydvil, in Wales. In the same year Napoleon was invested with the imperial crown. It was not, however, till a quarter of a century had passed away that locomotives were extensively used on railways. The line between Liverpool and Manchester, the first of importance, was opened on the 15th of September, 1825. The affairs of the world presented an appearance on that day very different from that which they wore when Trevithick tried his locomotive in the principality of Wales. The Emperor of France had lost his crown and his empire, and had been lying for nine years in a quiet grave in a solitary island of the sea; the elder family of the Bourbons, who had succeeded him, had been deposed in the "three days" of 1830; and Louis Philippe, once a schoolmaster, had been crowned King of the French. The reign of railways and that of the present French king commenced together, and both have been highly instrumental in preserving the peace of Europe.

The railway system may be said to be only now emerging from a state of infancy, and acquiring some definite form and character. The line between London and Birmingham, and by it to Liverpool, Manchester, and Preston, was fully opened in 1825; London and York were joined in 1825, and the communication was extended to Newcastle in 1825; London and Bristol were connected in 1825; Manchester was connected with Leeds in 1825; Dublin with Kingstown in 1825, and with Drogheda in 1825; Glasgow with Ayr in 1825, with Greenock in 1825, and with Edinburgh in 1825; Dundee with Arbroath in 1825; and Edinburgh with Berwick-upon-Tweed in 1825. The influences of railways, therefore, only commenced in the second quarter of this century; and though we have seen their influence productive already of many changes, yet it may be fairly expected that greater changes are yet to come—changes which shall carry society nearer and nearer to peace and order, and cause wars and tumults to exist only in the pages of past history.

The electric telegraph, which has already effected what ten years ago would have been ridiculed as impossible, was patented only in 1837, and was not introduced on railways until a few years after that time.

The influence which newspapers and other periodical literature are exerting on modern society is immense. Yet this, too, is newly born—is the creation almost of yesterday; an influence whose sphere has been enlarged, and whose power has been rendered quite gigantic under the kindly and protecting arm of peace. It is scarcely four centuries since the art of printing was introduced into the world, and only one century since the proceedings of Parliament began to be reported in the newspapers. In 1760, Great Britain and Ireland possessed 146 newspapers; in 1821, the number had increased to

278; and in 1843, it was 453. The average increase from 1790 to 1821 was thus about nine papers in two years, while from 1821 to 1843 the increase was eight papers in one year, or nearly double the increase of the previous period. But not only had newspapers greatly increased in number, their individual circulation had likewise increased; for while in 1821 the number of stamps issued was 24,000,000, in the year ending 5th January, 1843, the number was 60,000,000. Much of this increase must of course be ascribed to the reduction of the taxes on newspapers; the duty on each advertisement having been reduced, in June, 1833, from three-and-sixpence to one-and-sixpence, and on each newspaper, in August, 1836, from fourpence to one penny. All the newspapers and periodicals that are the most influential in the present day are young; indeed, nearly all have been commenced within the memory of man. "The leading journal of Europe" is now in its sixty-second year, and none of the other London daily papers is much older. The Edinburgh Review was commenced in the second year of the present century; and its great rival, the Quarterly, is seven years younger. The oldest periodical in Edinburgh, with the exception of the Review, was commenced in 1817. But it was not till 1826 that literature began to be really cheap and popular. The publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge were commenced about that time; and cheap volumes, issued at regular periods, on interesting subjects, became very common. Six years afterwards, the present Journal was started; other weekly periodicals of instruction and entertainment were commenced, and they have since multiplied in an extraordinary degree. Every year witnesses some effort of a more and more enterprising kind to diffuse knowledge at the cheapest conceivable rate among the great mass of the people. Indeed, it may with truth be said that the present century found knowledge "a sealed book, and changed it to an open letter;" found it the heritage of the rich, and made it the patrimony of the poor; found it confined to the few, and diffused it with no sparing hand among the many.

Nor is there any reason to suppose that, as time rolls on, the influence of this kind of literature will in aught diminish. The great results of our age are swiftness in communicating intelligence, and conveying merchandise and men; and periodicals are essentially the medium through which this intelligence is to be conveyed. Though the press were not linked with a stronger and a better power than even that of steam, yet the alliance with it would cause its influence to be increased both in intensity and extent. The oftener there is communication between two places, the oftener must the news of each place be published, and the greater the number of periodicals become. When the power of electricity is better known, and more extensively applied, may it not be expected that London papers, instead of being published daily, may ultimately be published almost hourly! A weekly newspaper, so far as its news are concerned, is now of little interest. It contains so much of what is called old, even though its intelligence may refer to events that occurred during the previous week, that a perusal of it does not occupy much time. Men now are laudably anxious to have their news, like their business-books, always "up to date," and to keep abreast with the intelligence of the day. To do this, they must have newspapers. There are morning and evening newspapers in Lon-

don already! why not have them at other periods of the day? Even at present, the second, third, and sometimes fourth editions of the daily papers show how impatient the public are for the smallest additional scrap of news. This eager thirst for early intelligence was unknown, or at least ungratified, in the beginning of the present century. The last thirty years have infused new life and vigor into all the relations of life, and we are now living under the rule of that young giant, who slept as long as war was thundering over the earth, but who woke up to activity as soon as that evil genius had departed.

When any country is engaged in foreign warfare, its internal condition is apt to be neglected. Many arrangements are thus allowed to be made, and systems to grow up, which prove highly injurious to the interests of society. So has it been with this country. While we were engaged in the late, and, it is to be hoped, the last, continental war, the ideas of public health, of narrow streets, of sewerage and ventilation, never seemed to cross the public mind. They were topics which were forgotten in others of a more exciting nature. But when peace came, and the eyes of men were turned in on their own domestic condition, many sad pictures were revealed, and many sources of misery and vice laid bare. The knowledge of an evil is said to be half its cure; but it was only a few years ago that we obtained an imperfect knowledge of the actual social condition of our own country; and even now our information is far from being complete. The science of statistics was in Great Britain most unaccountably neglected until the beginning of the present century. No exact statement of the number of inhabitants existed until the first census was taken in 1801; and it was not until 1838 that the public attention was directed, by the reports of the poor-law commissioners, to the sanitary condition of the people. The reports of the registrar-general of England and Wales, on which many calculations respecting public health have been founded, were first commenced in 1839; and the health of towns commissioners were appointed so recently as May, 1843, and their first report was published in 1844. There are few subjects which are exerting so great and growing an influence on the public mind as this of the health of towns, and yet it is one quite new, and respecting which investigation has just begun. It is, literally speaking, a question of life and death, of sickness and health; and all, or nearly all, the statistical information that we possess regarding it is the result of the labors of the last ten years.

If we look at various other influences of the present age, we shall find them all of the same youthful character. Gas-light was used by Murdock at Redruth, in Cornwall, in 1792; but the minds of men were then getting into a ferment on other subjects. The war commenced next year, and see how languidly, during its course, proceeded the introduction of this means of lighting! It cannot be said to have attracted public notice till 1802, when the newspapers told how the manufactory of Bolton and Watt, at Birmingham, had been lighted by it on the occasion of the rejoicing for the peace. War recommenced, and gas was not tried in a public street till 1806, when Pall-Mall was lighted with it. In 1810 the first London gas-light company obtained an act of incorporation, which, strangely enough, bound them to light the streets at a cheaper rate than on the old plan of oil, but prohibited them from supplying houses. The subject of education, which is of the most vital impor-

tance in every state was brought forcibly under the notice of the public about twenty years ago. Mechanics' institutions date their origin from the year 1824; it was in January, 1829, that the famous expression, "the schoolmaster is abroad," was first used by Lord Brougham; and in 1834, the first government grant in favor of education was made. The sun has been our portrait-painter only about six years; and the penny-postage system, whose influence on society has been so great, has not yet completed the first seven years of its existence.

These examples will be sufficient to indicate the youthful nature of the influences that are giving a form and character to modern civilization. Their effects have hitherto been great and beneficial, and as their youth has exhibited such strength, what may we not expect from them when the period of their full development shall have come!

### THE LOST EAGLE.

[Founded on an incident which occurred on the north-eastern coast of Scotland, in the autumn of 1839.]

A story goes, which may be sung or said,  
And now I freely mean in verse to handle,—  
How once a Lighthouse and an Eagle played  
The common tragedy of Moth and Candle  
On a large scale: the public prints averred  
The accurate dimensions of the bird—  
His length from beak to tail, and breadth of wing—  
But many a thing is said which poets cannot sing.

THERE was an Eagle soaring to the sun  
From Dofrasil's Scandinavian brow,  
Above the broad autumnal forests dun,  
Above the cheerless caverns of the snow:  
The pride of youth was in his eye's expanse,  
The scorn of earth was in its rolling glance;  
Their force upheld his rapid wings, and bore  
The heavenly bird along, to Norway's western shore.

On high he passed, in glory of his strength,  
The mountain-land—the land was not for him!—  
Passed where the falling billows' foamy length  
Ran flashing on the rocks, unheard and dim;  
And where the restless sea-mews white would go,  
Rising in clouds, soon broken, far below,  
A moment wheeled his pinions in disdain—  
The shore was not for him! He launched above the main.

His spread wings slept upon the whistling air,  
As o'er the darkness of the deep, unwearied,  
Still on his westward flight he held, and there  
The ruthless tempest found him from his eyrie:  
The land he scorned had faded from his ken,  
And waters fathomless were round him then;  
Yet sped he fearless on, though with the frown  
Of vexed and clouding skies the shades of night  
Came down.

The Ocean Spirit of the storm awoke,  
Summoning perils from the deadly pool  
Of noisy Maelstrom, and the thunder spoke  
From the descending blackness near and full.  
The winds above, the winds beneath him wrought,  
And all their hurricanes against him brought,  
Yet careless what the winds might work or bring,  
Still mightily he struck the tempest with his wing.

But, fleetier than the winds, the lightning came,  
Red-rushing and invincible, and he,  
Lost and bewildered in the darkening flame,  
Fell struggling downward to the boiling sea:  
He heard it nigh, and on the wing anew,  
With drunken course uncertainly he flew,  
Wandering a region starless and unknown:  
Thus for a while he moved, then sped him on alone.

Yet not alone,—for in the gloom there went,  
Dark-rolling through the strife of waves below,  
And laboring like Leviathan o'er serpent,  
A ship, with danger on her stern and prow.  
The one hoarse voice above the tempest calling—  
The hurried treading of the crew—the falling  
Of crashing beams, and roar of sails wide-riven,  
Were sounding from the ship to wreck unsuccored  
driven.

Her mariners, amid their toiling care,  
A flapping of loud wings above them heard,  
And fear unwonted filled each bosom there  
With dreary awe, the thunder had not stirred:  
And when, as oft the flaring lightning passed,  
They saw them moving, nigh the bending mast,  
How sank and died their hopes and hearts away,—  
Hearts that had scorned to quail in all the lightning's  
play!

Their strength grew slackened as their courage fell,  
And many dropped their hands, and toil gave  
o'er;  
Not that they hated life—they loved it well,  
Yet listless stood, and strove for life no more.  
The stormy Spirit's wings were o'er them brooding;  
Could doomed men be saved by Hope's deluding?  
The Spirit's eyes were on them, mocking sorrow,  
Outwatching hope, and they must perish ere the  
morrow!

And he, the storm-struck Eagle, still would keep  
Winging beside their mast, as if he took  
Companionship upon the sunless deep,  
And skies unstarred had changed his heavenward  
look;  
But where is now that tempest-driven bark,  
And where her woe-worn crew? Hath night more  
dark  
In shroud of thicker gloom concealed her motion?  
All, all are hurrying down through whirling depths  
of ocean!

Now the lost Eagle was alone again,  
Long striving in the storm with wearied might,  
When rose a beam upon the dismal main  
That drew his faded eye and wandering flight.  
No other ray amid the darkness shone,  
And, broader growing, seemed that lonely one  
A star descending nearer earth, to shed  
A brighter, fuller gleam in night so dark and dread.

The Lighthouse wooed him with its beauteous eye;  
But must I bless, or soothly blame, the wooing  
That guided him beneath a howling sky,  
Yet lured him to his freedom's dire undoing?  
Cheered on his way by that increasing flame,  
He strained his flight the more, as near he came,  
Till down amid the burning lights at last,  
And shrieking in his joy, the weary bird was cast.

Upstart then the watcher as he sat,  
Much wondering in his loneliness to hear  
The pinions beat without, and forth he gat;  
Where roared the tempest terrible and drear.  
Dark wings arose against him in the light,  
And glared upon him eyes that looked for flight:  
Quickly they struggle and they strike again,  
But yields the Eagle there his failing strength in  
vain.

There comes no blast in his unaided hour,  
To whelm the foeman in the viewless deep,  
Nor have his pinions now the dreaded power  
That hurled the daring hunter from the steep;  
But seized by grasping arms, and circled sore,  
His eyelids fall, and strike his wings no more.  
Alas! that he who dared the noonday sun,  
And fought the storm so long, by man should be  
undone!

Tait's Magazine.



From the *British Quarterly Review*, [a chief organ of the English Dissenters.]

*The Miscellaneous Works of the Right Honorable Sir JAMES MACINTOSH.* In three volumes. Longman and Co. London: 1840.

SIR JAMES MACINTOSH, the author of the work before us, was distinguished, even during his lifetime, not only as an author, but as a lawyer and a politician. In all these departments his character and attainments were highly rated. His intellect was not only acute and active, but extensive and versatile. That this character of mind is often dangerous to an author's best fame is an undoubted truth; but it adds the interest, which variety never fails to give, to his collected works; and if he fails to reach the highest pinnacle, it is tolerably certain of securing for him a secondary place in public estimation. This charm, be its ultimate value what it may, the writings of Sir James Macintosh unquestionably possess. They may be divided—and are divided by the editor of the present volumes—into three classes. One portion is purely and strictly philosophical. Another comes more properly under the division of general literature. A third portion may be, with propriety, styled political. Under the first mentioned head of pure philosophy must be placed the admirable dissertations on ethical science, and on the characters of Bacon and Locke. Under the head of general literature we must class the life of Sir Thomas More; the discussion as to the real authorship of the famous "Icôn Basilike;" the beautiful treatises on the causes of the revolution of 1688, and the partition of Poland, together with various minor articles published in the "*Edinburgh Review*" and elsewhere. Under the category of politics we should set down the once famous, though now partly forgotten "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*," the character of Canning, and the various speeches delivered by Sir James in the House of Commons. That the works of Macintosh naturally arrange themselves into these three species is unquestionable. We do question, however, whether the editor has done wisely in his adherence to this arrangement in his publication of these writings in their collected form. We, for our own part, decidedly prefer the chronological order. We there see the progress of the author's mind. We behold the young, the bold, and the enthusiastic speculator in philosophy and politics, who derives his knowledge from books and from his own reflective powers, softened down and ameliorated into the experienced thinker, who has read mankind themselves; and who from the great and appalling volume of the world, has at last deduced those more sober conclusions as to human capabilities and human destinies, which books never could supply. It is after this method that we shall adventure to trace and exhibit to our readers the progress of the intellect of this accomplished person and amiable man. With regard to some of the grand subjects of human reflection his mind no doubt underwent little change. There is no evidence to show that on the topics of ethical or generally metaphysical science his opinions, during his later years, were materially different from those which he had formed at an early period of life. But on general political questions, and on the multifarious considerations connected with the social institutions of mankind, it is clear that the notions of this acute and candid man did undergo considerable mutations; and these we shall both exhibit and consider. As a portraiture of the first and last conclusions of such a thinker,

upon topics of constant and paramount importance, they are both curious and valuable. As instances of candid and philosophical thinking on the part of the writer of these varied works they do honor to his character. If we cannot approve of the whole of them, we can yet honor the candor which impelled Sir James Macintosh to avow them. We know how to estimate the courage which leads some men to sacrifice to the cause of truth all minor considerations; and setting at defiance the vulgar and hollow cry of "inconsistency," honestly to avow honest changes of opinion on controverted subjects. On such occasions we hold that bold reliance upon general character, on the part of an individual, ought ever to command more or less of the confidence and respect of his fellow-men: nor ought the sordid treacheries or barefaced tergiversations, which too often disgrace the herd of thinkers and of politicians, to have any other effect than to add to our admiration of those more honorable persons who have dared suspicion for the sake of truthfulness, and hazarded the imputation of insincerity because they are really and indeed sincere. It is under these impressions that we first turn our attention to the "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*," one of the earliest and boldest of the compositions of Macintosh.

The "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*" were composed and published in the course of the years 1791 and 1792. The period was the most extraordinary that modern times have beheld. In 1789 had burst forth the great revolution in France, like a volcano in the night, sending its thunders and its flashes far and wide, and rousing men from their sleep. This grand outbreak, the effects of which we are still feeling and shall long continue to feel, in its progress encouraged some and terrified others; but, in its commencement, no doubt startled all. The world had not until then seen the spectacle of a powerful and great nation awakening suddenly, as it were, out of a deathlike trance of corruption and moral and physical decay. The phenomenon was as new as it was imposing; and men knew no more how to anticipate the movements of regenerated France than did the daring creator of Frankenstein those of the monster whom he had made. Uncertainty is the mother of alarm. The few hoped; the many feared; all doubted. It is certainly true that some skilful calculators of questions of finance had, in more than one publication, foretold a probable and fast approaching *bouleversement* of the government and monarchy in France, but these publications were read by few and believed by none. Forebodings, not very dissimilar, as to the ultimate effects of the English national debt, then only one third of its present amount, had been hazarded and laughed at; and warnings which in England had become ridiculous, were not likely to be seriously regarded when applied to another country. The actors in the scenes of that period were as incapable of foreseeing the extent of English industry and English toil, as they were of anticipating the effects of French impatience when roused from its lethargy to contemplate the dissolution of an effete despotism. Hence, the French revolution, commenced in 1789, astounded public opinion in Great Britain as intensely as on the continent. Wonder and alarm were the feelings almost universally excited. The lower classes in this country were then totally destitute of political knowledge of any kind. They received the news with apathy. Amidst the aristocracy, alarm of an extreme description, and to a most unmanly degree, was all but universal. Of the middle classes,

some few applauded and hoped. Those were the literary and speculative men chiefly. The majority, however, first feared and then hated. The church was loud in its denunciations of French principles and French freedom of thought and act. The destruction of popery could not reconcile the hierarchy and the universities to the demolition of "divine right" and "passive obedience" to kings. The dissenters alone saw in the fall of the corrupt Gallic monarchy, and still more corrupt Gallican church, a chance for liberty of conscience, and of an escape for freedom in general from that double chain with which state-churches and state-despotisms had so long conspired to bind the souls and bodies of men. Amongst the very earliest impugnors of the proceedings then going on across the Channel was the justly-celebrated Burke. Up to the period of 1789, he had, though a cautious reformer and timid political thinker, upheld the general right of mankind to a government of rational freedom, and to some safeguard and refuge from the assaults of unprincipled and aggressive arbitrary power. On the attempt to tax the American colonies, against their consent, and without their concurrence by means of being represented in Parliament, he had acted the part of a wise and patriotic thinker. Of the greatness of his talents no man doubted. It was hoped that the eloquence as well as the principles of Chatham survived in him. From the very commencement, however, of the changes in France, the whole man seemed to undergo disastrous change in his own person. For the whole of the men who then became prominent in French affairs, and for all their objects and all their acts, he seemed to cherish a bitter, an undistinguishing, and an inextinguishable hatred; and he poured out his exasperated feelings in various publications, eloquent, powerful, and almost irresistible in style, but rambling, unfair, and grossly exaggerative in substance, of which the first and most successful was the volume of "Reflections on the French Revolution." Whether Burke really foresaw the extremes to which the Revolution in France was ultimately carried, it is impossible to say. He certainly predicted them; and these predictions, in their effect, as certainly helped to stir up that coalition against the liberties of our neighbors, which was the main cause of their actual fulfillment. Burke's wonderfully artful and eloquent tirades were universally read, and the result was decisive. Almost the whole whig aristocracy joined the tory party in urging on the timid and unwilling Pitt to that fatal war which has cost us so dear. Burke went with them. If not their avowed leader, he was their open adviser. Rewards were showered upon him by the tory government: and George III. became avowedly his patron, saying openly and frequently, that "every gentleman in England ought to read Mr. Burke's book!" This was decisive. Burke's Reflections were published during the year of 1790. Early in 1793, England, in concert with Austria and Prussia, was at war with the French republic.

It was in the midst of this terrible conflict of opinion in England, and during a time when the state of this country was almost as accurately described as was that of the neighboring realm by the emphatic phrase of "a Reign of Terror," that Macintosh, then a young man, dared to write and to publish his "Vindiciæ Gallicæ," or "A Defence of the French Revolution and its English admirers against the accusations of the Right Honorable Edmund Burke." This work was made public in

1792, and to publish anything, however temperate, however rational, or however in accordance with English maxims of government, but having such a title, was, at this period, an adventure of no little peril. Between rage and dread, the bulk of the nation was in a state not far removed from insanity. All who were supposed to look with an eye of approval upon the scenes across the channel, were denounced from every pulpit in the kingdom, that pulpit being in a church. The very mention of a "reform" of the abuses of our own institutions, at once became sedition, and was so called in Parliament and out of it. The speeches from the throne, the orators in both houses, and the journals in general, treated as a traitor every man who dared to talk of freedom or of any amelioration of defective institutions; and the attorney-general of the day (Sir John Scott, soon after Lord Eldon) was busied in preparing legal machinery for the destruction of all such. To dare to compose and to put forth such a work as Macintosh then did, ought to confer a lasting honor on his name. The very attempt, however executed, argued an intrepidity of character rarely met with. The execution of the work itself argued much more. In this powerfully-written and soundly logical treatise, Macintosh boldly undertook to establish, 1. The necessity for a great change in France; 2. The legal character of the national assembly; 3. The inevitable nature of much of the excess and outrage that ensued; 4. The moderation of the provisions of the new constitution then set up; 5. A complete justification for those in England who approved of them generally. Such was the plan of the "Vindiciæ Gallicæ." That it is excellent in outline few will be now disposed to deny. The execution was, perhaps, somewhat inferior to the design; but it was such as to ensure success for the work, and fame for its author. To compare its style with that of the writings which it attacks would be unjust. Macintosh unquestionably had not the mastery of words, the vivid fancy, the keen sarcasm, the withering and lofty scorn, the measured eloquence, and antithetic pointing of sentences the most beautiful, which distinguished his great antagonist. But notwithstanding his inferiority in these splendid requisites to victorious writing, the grapple was no unsuccessful one. He brought to the field an honest and dauntless enthusiasm; a style elegant and correct, and often keen and trenchant; a large stock of legal and constitutional lore; the calm temper of a practical logician; and last, but not least, the "vantage" of a good cause. The consequence of the publication was a decided reaction in public opinion in favor of those who dared to hold that mankind have *rights* as well as *duties*; and that, notwithstanding the most arrogant and insolent of aphorisms by the most arrogant of prelates, the people *ought* to have something "to do with the laws" beyond "obeying them!" To the declaimers against the excesses and other evils which arose out of the struggle in France, environed as she then was by foes, domestic and foreign, this is the manly answer of Macintosh—

"The question is reducible to this, whether they were to abstain from establishing a free government, because they foresaw it could not be effected without confusion and temporary distress, or to be consoled for such calamities by the view of that happiness to which their labors were to give ultimate permanence and diffusion? A minister is not conceived to be guilty of systematic immorality, because he balances the evils of the most just war

with the advantages of that national security which is produced by the reputation of spirit and power:—neither ought the patriot, who, balancing the evils of transient anarchy against the inestimable good of established liberty, finds the last preponderate in the scale. Such, in fact, has ever been the reasoning of the leaders in those insurrections, which have preserved the remnant of freedom that still exists amongst mankind. Holland, England, and America must have reasoned thus: and the different portions of liberty which they enjoy have been purchased by the endurance of far greater calamities than have been suffered by France. It is unnecessary to appeal to the wars which, for almost a century, afflicted the Low Countries; but it may not be so to remind England of the price she has paid for the establishment of the principles of the revolution. The disputed succession which arose from that event produced a destructive civil war in Ireland, two rebellions in Scotland, and the consequent slaughter and banishment of thousands of citizens, with the widest confiscations of their properties; not to mention the continental connexions and the foreign wars into which it plunged us, and the necessity thus imposed upon us of maintaining a standing army, and accumulating an enormous public debt.”—*Vindicia Gallica*, p. 79.

To Burke and his partisans, many of whom had advocated the cause of Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson, and every one of whom had either approved or acquiesced in the policy and justice of the proceedings in 1688, this manly passage must have been wormwood. It is wholly unanswerable, either generally or particularly. If we are never to stir nor seek to better our condition in any way, until we can grasp good unmingled with evil, there is an end, at once, to all human improvement. If Cavendish, Russell, and Churchill, were justifiable in 1688, and Washington, Adams, and Franklin, in 1775, surely Mirabeau and Brissot were equally so in 1789. From this conclusion there was no escape, and none was ever attempted. It is to be recollected, however, that when these expressions were written, the revolution in France had not exhibited its worst and darkest phases. The extremities of folly and violence which followed, Macintosh lived to deplore, and to be taught by the experience so gained that no theoretical system of rule, at discord with the habits, usages, manners, and prejudices of the nation that attempts to establish it, can possibly last, and that to improve upon what we have, rather than to remodel or seek for new foundations, is the only rational road to national freedom and contentment. Against the concluding phrase of the “necessity of accumulating public debt,” we must enter our protest. There can be no such necessity. Sums so lent, may always be levied directly by impost during the lives of the generation that need them; and that this is the just and the only just method of meeting a temporary exigence, no one will deny who has any knowledge of the axioms of civil law, or of the conclusions of its sages as to the conditions of property, and the duties of citizens to a state.

The grand dogma against which Sir James had to struggle at this disgraceful period was, however, the divine right of kings, and the inviolability of any system of treatment of their subjects which they might think proper to establish! Strange to relate, and not more strange than disgraceful, is the tale, these monstrous doctrines were paraded in full glare, as late as the beginning of the present century, before the eyes of the English people, and

advocated by vast numbers. The milder and more veiled term of “legitimacy” was not then hatched. Louis XVI. was monarch by “right divine.” He had succeeded Louis XV. lineally; and Louis Quinze having succeeded lineally a predecessor, who could himself trace a lineal descent back to some convenient point of “legal memory,” during the reign of the line of Capets, there was no more to be said. The prescription was perfect; and beyond that there was no room for anything but treason. As, according to the *dictum* of Louis XIV., the monarch centred and merged the whole state in his sole person—an axiom not only admitted but applauded by the whole of the French people of that generation, lay and clerical, it followed logically that the whole apparatus of rule was equally as divine and inviolable as the king himself; and that, of course, and as a legitimate consequence, the regal sway, whether carried on by the autocrat himself, or by means of ministers, or favorites, or mistresses, through the medium of ordinances, decrees, registrations of edicts, bastilles, or *Lettres de Cachet*, was a matter prescriptive, intangible, incontrovertible, indubitable, in short unquestionable, and not to be meddled with, either in thought, speech, or writing by any, under penalty of punishment condign, both in this world and the next! Such were the now ludicrous but then serious monstrosities with which Macintosh had to deal. The following passage embodies the substance of his most triumphant reply. In point, keenness, and energy, it vies with the best sentences of Burke. As an argument, at once complete, succinct and bold, it is hardly to be matched:—

“Nothing can be more weak than to urge the constitutional irresponsibility of kings or parliaments. The laws can never suppose them responsible, because their responsibility supposes the dissolution of society, which is the annihilation of law. In the governments which have hitherto existed, the power of the magistrate is the only article in the social compact; destroy it, and society is dissolved. It is because they cannot be legally and constitutionally, that they must be morally and rationally, responsible. It is because there are no remedies to be found within the pale of society, that we are to seek them in nature, and throw our parchment chains in the face of our oppressors. No man can deduce a precedent of law from the revolution; for law cannot exist in the dissolution of government: a precedent of reason and of justice only can be established in it. And perhaps the friends of freedom merit the misrepresentation with which they have been opposed, for trusting their cause to such frail and frivolous auxiliaries, and for seeking in the profligate practices of men what is to be found in the sacred rights of nature. The system of lawyers is indeed widely different; they appeal only to usage, precedents, authorities and statutes; they display their elaborate frivolity and their perfidious friendship, in disgracing freedom with the fantastic honor of a pedigree! \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* This gothic transfer of genealogy to truth and justice is peculiar to politics. The existence of robbery in one age makes its vindication in the next; and the champions of freedom have abandoned the strong-hold of right for precedent, which, when the most favorable, is, as might be expected from the ages that furnish it, feeble, fluctuating, partial, and equivocal. It is not because we have been free, but because we have a right to be free, that we ought to demand freedom. Justice and liberty have neither birth nor race.



youth nor age. It would be the same absurdity to assert that we have a right to freedom because the Englishmen of Alfred's reign were free, as that three and three are six, *because* they were so in the camp of Genghis Khan. Let us hear no more of this ignoble and ignominious pedigree of freedom! Let us hear no more of her Saxon, Danish, or Norman ancestors. Let the immortal daughter of reason, of justice, and of God, be no longer confounded with the spurious abortions that have usurped her name."—Vol. III., p. 134.

That such writing as this, bold and eloquent as it is, at such a time, should at once have invested its author with a perilous fame is not to be wondered at. Sir James became at once subjected to the battery of calumnies, denunciations, and misrepresentations, which was opened in every possible quarter against French liberty, and all who dared to defend the right of Frenchmen to construct their own government. Nothing since has ever approached the strange perversions of common sense and decency that disgraced this period. To use the strong expression of Macintosh, "the churches resounded with language, at which Laud would have shuddered and Sacheverell would have blushed;" and the name of freedom was blasphemed once a week from every "orthodox" pulpit in the land. Amongst other misrepresentations, the destruction of the effete and worn-out French despotism was universally attributed to the writings of Voltaire, Rousseau, Condorcet, Diderot, and the other philosophers of the last century. Nothing could be more absurd. The effect of these writings was only secondary. The grand cause of the *debacle* was the inextricable ruin of the finances. Necker's publication of the "Compte rendu," or balance sheet, with its enormous deficit, sealed the fate of the monarchy. It was felt there could be no salvation for extravagance after that. The *sou-briquet* of "Madame Deficit" was immediately attached to the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, and a rapid destruction followed. Mr. Swinburne, who was at Paris during this period, gives in his letters recently published, a striking account of these transactions; and it is curious to reflect that the whole catastrophe was foretold in England, in a financial treatise published some years before, entitled "An Exposure of the dreadful state of the French Monarchy."

Such was the period and such were the circumstances at and under which the "Vindiciæ Gallicæ" were produced. It is only fair to mention that the intrepid author found reason to modify some of the opinions there expressed. The experience of age gradually moderated the more extreme theoretical notions of youth. His speech on the Reform Bill showed that his contemplation of mankind, as they really exist, had taught him the nullity and peril of sweeping changes, and that the institutions of a people must ameliorate gradually, and rest throughout on the peculiarities of national character. In an essay on the suffrage, written for the "Edinburgh Review," his change of sentiment, on these topics is yet more manifest, and he hesitates to advocate, even for the strong, sober, steady, and practical temperament of the Anglo-Saxon, institutions which in his earlier years he saw no risk in attempting to plant amongst a people so ardent, mercurial, and excitable, as are our Gallic neighbors. In this we deem Sir James to have been perhaps over-cautious. The manner in which the Reform Bill has worked amply proves that, to tender such a boon to the British people, was the very

reverse of dangerous; and his historic lore might have taught him that those parliaments, which graced almost every year of the glorious reign of our third Edward, when the patronage of the crown and the direct influence of the aristocracy were less than they now are, were elected under a system of suffrage more extended than that which the Reform Bill proposed to establish.

We now turn to a work of a very different sort, and one which, in our humble opinion, is one of the finest fruits of the talents of its gifted author. We allude to the historical disquisition as to the causes of the revolution of 1688. This most admirable treatise was composed at a late period of his life; was revised by him, and is now printed for the first time perhaps in a perfect form, and with the last touches of the writer. As a minute, judicious, searching treatise, on an interesting period of our history, this "Review of the causes of the Revolution" must always occupy a high position. The crisis, the causes of which it minutely details, was one of the most extraordinary, in its multiform and manifold complications, that is to be found in the annals of nations. It is quite true that, to understand the minute narration of Macintosh, the reader must already have acquired a tolerably accurate general knowledge of English history, especially as regards the leading religious sects, their disputes, their feelings, and their jealousies, by which a people in all ordinary respects prosperous was vexed and torn to pieces. Some knowledge of this description is, past a doubt, absolutely necessary to enable ordinary readers to follow the ramifications of this interesting and most masterly investigation. To readers, however, possessed of this knowledge, this inquiry must in its perusal prove a treat, not easily to be matched in the range of our historical literature.

At the eventful period under examination, that is to say, at the period of the accession of James II., parties were in the most extraordinary state conceivable; the country, physically, was in a state of ease, comfort and prosperity. During the reign of Charles II., it was unquestionably disgraced in its foreign relations, and its king a pensioner of the "grand monarch," as he was then styled. The absurd and monstrous notions of royal prerogative, however, cherished by Charles, as well as the other Stuarts, and the disputes with his parliaments which they perpetually caused, had one great and salutary effect. The commons held the strings of the national purse. This purse the absurd and prefligate courses of Charles induced them to keep shut during his entire disgraceful reign. Of this the people reaped the entire benefit. They cared little for the squabbles between Charles and the whigs, whilst taxes were thus kept light; the consequence was, that though the king was in name despotic, it was only a name; the nation kept their money in their own pockets; they rapidly recovered from the effects of the confusion of the civil war, and the exactions of the long parliament, who it is believed expended more in one year, on the average, than Charles II., when king, was able to obtain in three. Thus, though the government was a disgraceful one, its folly and weakness left the people at liberty to prosper, amidst the absurdities of their rulers, and a despot who could not extort taxes was found to be much less of a burden than a parliament that, under the name of "liberty," removed the burden of imposts from the land, and invented and established an "excise."

If, however, the bodily state and condition of

the people were excellent when James II. succeeded his brother, their spiritual state was just the reverse; the kingdom was split into a variety of religious sects and parties, mostly hostile to each other, and mostly stained by tenets of intolerance, theological hatred, and persecution. First, there was the Catholic party, consisting of men who, amidst all the cruelties of preceding reigns, had under the Tudors even, adhered to the ancient faith. The English church was itself split into three parties; there were the non-jurors, men Papists, in all but the name, in their doctrines, who refused to take the oath prescribed by the act of uniformity, because it suited not their notions of sacerdotal power. Again, there were the high churchmen, men determined upon preserving a despotic power for the church, fond of its property, as well as its doctrines, and for the sake of both determined to persecute dissent of all sorts to the death. To high-church doctrine and tenets of persecution, quite in accordance with those of the worst times of the sway of Rome, these men added the dogmas of passive obedience and non-resistance to kingly power, however tyrannically exercised; these monstrosities they made a part of what they called catholic doctrine, although it was notorious that until the accession of the Tudors, such notions had never been heard of in England, and that amongst the names of those who wrung Magna-charta from the tyrant John, are those of various prelates of the Anglican catholic church, whose rights as a clergy are there stipulated for. Distinct from these were the low churchmen, men who kept a keen eye on the church property, but who were unwilling to admit the arbitrary doctrines of Laud and his successors; were somewhat latitudinarian in doctrine, and who therefore, being themselves stigmatized as schismatics, had naturally a friendly feeling for the great body of non-conformists who made up the rest of the nation, including under that name such grades of dissent, and they were not few, as then existed.

Such was the religious state of the nation when James II. became king. Under his brother, the church had obtained ample opportunity to persecute all without her pale, and the covenanters of Scotland and the English nonconformists of all opinions had suffered accordingly. Prosperous and at ease in their worldly affairs, Englishmen had been for years tormented with plots and executions arising out of religious jealousy and hatred; and a country which might have been a paradise was, by sheer intolerance, made to resemble something very much the reverse. Sir James Macintosh, indeed, admits in his treatise that there is reason to believe that both Charles and James Stuart were more tolerant than those around them. This, however, is a point that must ever be in dispute. If Charles did not approve, he permitted persecution, the most horrible, to be practised by his counsellors and bishops. If James, as we believe, was a sincere catholic, it is difficult to believe how, at that period, he could eschew persecution; especially if it be true, as Macintosh asserts, (Treatise on the Affairs of Holland,) that James actually offered to Louis XIV., to detain as a prisoner the Prince of Orange, then his visitor, provided this atrocious step would ensure ruin to the protestant cause in Holland! When James was fairly seated on the throne, however, a mighty change was immediately felt. Despite the attempts made to exclude him, on account of his open profession of the religion of Rome, it is admitted that he was on the whole

popular on his accession. Though imprudent as a politician, he was a man of business, and well managed the ordinary routine of a government. Of his prerogative his notions were every whit as absurd as those of the rest of his family. He believed himself absolute by divine right; and he soon took occasion to show that he was not the man to let his kingly powers sleep in abeyance. He immediately displayed the same hatred of parliaments that characterized his brother. Sooth to say, however, so long had the people been accustomed to hear these doctrines from the pulpit, the bar, and the press, that had it not been for the cruelties that followed Monmouth's rebellion, there seems too much reason to suppose James might have run a career very different from that to which he was destined. The atrocities of Jeffreys and Kirke in the West of England, after the rout of Sedgemoor, Sir James Macintosh accounts, and properly accounts, to be one of the leading causes of the revolution. The following is his account of the trial of Mrs. Lisle, and we may premise that it affords a fair specimen of the entire proceedings during what was well termed "the bloody campaign."

"She said in her defence that she knew Mr. Hickes to be a presbyterian clergyman, and thought he had absconded, because there were warrants out against him on that account. All the acts of concealment which were urged as proofs of her intentional breach of law were reconcilable with the defence. Orders had been issued, at the beginning of the revolt, to seize 'all disaffected and suspicious persons, especially ALL nonconformist ministers.' And Jeffreys, himself, unwittingly strengthened her case by declaring his conviction that all presbyterians had a hand in the rebellion. He did not go through the formality of repeating so probable a defence to the jury! They, however, hesitated; they asked the chief-justice whether it were as much treason to receive Hickes before as after conviction! He told them it was, which was literally true; but he wilfully concealed from them that by the law, such as it was, the receiver of a traitor could not be brought to trial till the principal traitor had been convicted or outlawed:—a provision, indeed, so manifestly necessary to justice that, without the observance of it, Hickes might be acquitted of treason, after Mrs. Lisle had been executed for harboring him as a traitor. Four judges looked silently on this suppression of truth, which produced the same effect with positive falsehood, and allowed the limits of a barbarous law to be overpassed, in order to destroy an aged woman for an act of charity. The jury retired, and remained so long in deliberation as to provoke the wrath of the chief-justice! When they returned into court, they expressed their doubt whether the prisoner knew that Hickes had been in Monmouth's army; the chief-justice assured them that the proof was complete. Three times they repeated their doubts; the chief-justice as often reiterated his declaration with growing impatience and rage. At this critical moment of the last appeal of the jury to the court, the defenceless female at the bar made an effort to speak. Jeffreys, taking advantage of formalities, instantly silenced her, and the jury were at length overawed into a verdict of 'guilty!' He then broke out into a needless insult to the strongest affections of nature, saying to the jury, 'Gentlemen, had I been among you, and if she had been my own mother, I should have found her guilty!' On the next

morning, when he had to pronounce sentence of death, he could not even then abstain from invectives against the presbyterians, of whom he supposed Mrs. Lisle to be one; yet mixing artifice with his fury, he tried to lure her into discoveries by ambiguous phrases, which might excite her hopes of life, without pledging him to obtain pardon. He directed that she should be *burned alive* on the afternoon of the same day; but the clergy of the cathedral of Winchester successfully interceded for an interval of three days. This interval gave time for an application to the king."—Vol. ii., p. 22.

An application to the king!—vain was the application, for here the undoubted cruelty of James appeared in its bloodiest hues. The king declared that "he would not relieve her for a day!" He would not even change the horrid punishment into beheading, until *precedents* had been sought out, and strong interest excited! The cause of all this hatred was that her husband had been one of the judges of Charles I. The poor lady, herself, had always been kind to the royalists at that period, and it will hardly be believed that her son had actually served in the king's army against Monmouth, and had helped to quell the very rebellion, on account of which his aged mother was put to death.

After the defeat of the ill-concerted and worse-conducted enterprise of Monmouth, James felt himself strong upon his throne, and lost no time in setting about his rash and arbitrary design of forcing upon the kingdom a religion, which, though it was his own, he well knew was, for various reasons, good or bad, odious to a great majority of his people. He now set about it with his usual rashness and total want of all politic or prudential considerations. Of his own attachment to the Catholic faith he had never made much of a secret. For that he was too honest; for that James was in disposition sincere his worst enemies never denied. Not content, however, with celebrating mass in great pomp; with admitting a nuncio or envoy from the pope, and with trying to force papists into the universities by suspending the college statutes, he set about converting all his ministers and courtiers; and it was soon understood that the easiest and shortest path to promotion was to be presented at court as a recent convert to Romanism. The scenes of hypocrisy that then took place exceeded all that had occurred since the Reformation, when the majority of the nobles became protestants under Edward VI.; again catholics under Mary; and protestants once more at the bidding of Elizabeth. All the courtiers, however, were not thus disgracefully pliable, and some of the answers made to the solicitations of the royal agents in the task of conversion, as recorded by Macintosh, are highly amusing:—

"Middleton, one of the secretaries of state, a man of ability, supposed to have no strong principles of religion, was equally inflexible. The catholic divine who was sent to him, began by attempting to reconcile his understanding to the mysterious doctrine of transubstantiation. 'Your lordship (said he) believes the doctrine of the Trinity.' 'Who told you so?' answered Middleton. 'You are come here to prove your own religion, not to ask about mine.' The astonished priest is said to have immediately retired. Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, is also said to have sent away a monk, who came to convert him, by a jest upon the same doctrine. 'I have convinced myself, (said he,) by much

reflection, that God made man; but I cannot believe that man can make God!' Colonel Kirke, from whom strong scruples were hardly to be expected, is said to have answered the king's desire that he would listen to catholic divines, by declaring that, when at Tangier, he had engaged himself to the Emperor of Morocco, if ever he changed his religion, to become a Mahometan! Lord Churchill, (afterwards Duke of Marlborough,) though neither insensible to the kindness of James, nor distinguished by a strict conformity to the precepts of religion, withstood the attempts of his generous benefactor to bring him over to the church of Rome. He said of himself 'that though he could not lead the life of a saint, he was resolved, if there was occasion for it, to show the resolution of a martyr!' "—Vol. ii., p. 92.

These scenes are as lamentable as they are ludicrous; but others, more important, were to be superadded. Besides these private attempts to turn the hearts of his people to what he deemed "the right way," the infatuated monarch was now determined to commence a vigorous and open system of assault upon the established religion of his country; which, if a universal toleration were allowed, would—he told D'Adda, the papal nuncio—be the first to fall. In pursuance of this design, James, who could not with decency claim toleration for his own faith, without extending it to that of others, at length determined to publish a declaration of indulgence which should, by royal favor, confer upon all sectaries the privilege of worshipping God in their own way, and after their own conscience. In the language of this declaration he took high ground. The most plausible mode would have been to have assumed this power as head of the church. This, however, he did not do; but assumed as a part of his kingly prerogative, adding, that he had no doubt of the sanction of parliament as soon as he should call one. In the mean time there was no one to question the legality of the document, and it was accordingly dispersed over the kingdom. But this was a small part of the royal adventure. By the act of uniformity, all dissenters, exercising public worship, were subjected to divers severe pains and penalties. To get rid of this, the king claimed a power to "dispense" with such laws in case of necessity, of which he was to be the judge; founding this claim upon some precedents of penalties remitted by royal interposition in some former time. Under the shape of a prerogative of mercy, this was in truth a power to dispense with all law. Pardon is an interposition for an individual; but this was a cancelling of a statute by exempting all from its enactments; and, if one law might thus be neutralized and nullified, so might all. The bait, however, at first took. Some of the persecuted dissenters eagerly took advantage of the benevolence thus unexpectedly extended to them, and addresses of thanks from numerous congregations were presented to the king, who encouraged them by every means in his power. But some of the dissenters from the first suspected the real design, and so did the church generally; five of the most pliable prelates only, with some of their clergy, sending addresses to thank the king for his assurances of protection for their rights. The universities, and the great body of churchmen, however, took the alarm; and the king was warned early that, if he expected passive obedience from those who had preached it to others, he would find himself mistaken; from some of the judges whom he consulted as to his "dispensing power," he re-



ceived a similar intrepid warning. Sir John Jones told him "he was sorry to find an opinion expected from him which only indigent, ignorant, or ambitious men could give." James, irritated at this plain rebuff, answered he would soon find twelve judges of his opinion. "Twelve judges, sir," replied Jones, "you may find, but hardly twelve lawyers."

It is hardly necessary to add, that, undaunted by the open resistance of the universities to his arbitrary attempts to force catholics amongst their body, and by the opposition and remonstrances of great numbers of men, the wiser and more moderate catholics, the imprudent king renewed his "declaration of indulgence," and issued an order that it should be read from the pulpit in every church in the kingdom. This step was the really decisive one, and rapidly produced all that followed. The bishops, seeing the destruction of all they held dear now clearly menaced, refused to obey, and petitioned the king to revoke his order. The king, who had in his favor two precedents—for the clergy had so read the declaration on the Rye-house Plot, and his brother's apology for dissolving his last two parliaments—refused the prayer of the petition, which he treated as a seditious libel. The bishops, however, persevered, and the result was, that the insensate bigot and his besotted council had the amazing imprudence to commit the bishops to the Tower as seditious libellers. This inconsiderate outrage turned the tide of opinion finally against James. The effect was prodigious; for the spectacle brought, as it were, before the eyes of the people as realities, all the old tales of former popish cruelty and persecution. "The scene," says Sir James, "seemed to be a procession of martyrs. Thousands begged their blessing, some ran into the water to implore it. Both banks of the Thames were lined with multitudes, who, when they were too distant to be heard, manifested their feelings by falling on their knees, and raising up their hands, beseeching Heaven to guard the sufferers for religion and liberty. On landing at the Tower, several of the *guards* knelt down to receive their blessing, whilst some, even of the *officers*, yielded to the general impulse." This would have been enough for most men; but when had ever zealots eyes, or bigots understanding! James was resolved to try the bishops for a libel.

From this hour all men of sense, of all opinions, seem to have deemed a revolution as certain and inevitable. Even the brutal tool, Jeffreys, sent a secret message to the Tower to assure the bishops of his sorrow and his services; and, strange to relate, amongst the visitors of the imprisoned prelates was a deputation of ten nonconformist ministers. At this distance of time it is difficult for ordinary minds to conceive under what motives these persecuted men could have acted thus, on this occasion. This church had, from the moment of the restoration, spared no means, nor stopped at any cruelties, to deprive all dissenters of every remnant of toleration or refuge. In Scotland they had been hunted down like wolves; and in England numbers had been, on various pretences, exiled, imprisoned, and put to death. Yet these men made common cause with the bishops, now that their turn was come. Nothing can account for this but what we must call the unmanly horror with which, from and after the time of Titus Oates, the nation had contemplated the slightest mention of popery. At and after that disgraceful period, men who would have faced a battery of cannon became children at the

very sound of a "popish plot;" and this feeling it was which at last completed the unanimity of alarm and hatred with which the whole British people now viewed the proceedings of the king. James, however, was totally blind to his fate. The birth of a prince of Wales, at this critical moment, would have given him a happy opportunity to pardon the recusant bishops. As it seemed a providential interposition in his favor, however, he only made it an argument for going on. The bishops were brought to trial in Westminster Hall; they were defended boldly and unanswerably by Pollexfen and Finch. The court wavered. The jury took heart—and they were acquitted!

The result we must give in the words of Sir James Macintosh:—

"No sooner were these words uttered than a loud huzza arose from the audience in the court. It was instantly echoed from without by a shout of joy, which sounded like a crack of the ancient and massy roof of Westminster Hall. It passed with electrical rapidity from voice to voice, along the infinite multitude who waited in the streets, reaching the Temple in a few minutes. For a short time no man seemed to know where he was. No business was done for hours. The solicitor-general informed Lord Sunderland, in the presence of the nuncio, that never within the memory of man had there been heard such cries of applause mingled with tears of joy. 'The acclamations,' says Sir John Resesby, 'were a very rebellion of noise.' In no long time they ran to the camp at Hounslow, and were repeated with an ominous voice by the soldiers in the hearing of the king, who, on being told they were for the acquittal of the bishops, said, with an ambiguity probably arising from confusion, 'So much the worse for them!' The jury were everywhere received with the loudest acclamations; hundreds, with tears in their eyes, embraced them as deliverers. The bishops, almost alarmed at their own success, escaped from the huzzas of the people as privately as possible, exhorting them 'to fear God and honor the king.' Cartwright, Bishop of Chester, had remained in court during the trial, unnoticed by any of the crowd of nobility and gentry, and Sprat met with little more regard; the former, in going to his carriage, was called a 'wolf in sheep's clothing,' and as he was very corpulent, the mob cried out, 'Room for the man with a pope in his belly!' They bestowed also on Sir William Williams very mortifying proofs of disrespect."—Vol. ii., p. 207.

This scene probably determined the future great soldier and statesman, Churchill, as to the course he was to take. If it did not, the following scene which was the finale, must have settled the question. A written test, binding those who took it to contribute to the repeal of the Penal Laws was prepared, and this the demented king was impolitic enough to tender to the soldiers.

"The experiment," says Macintosh, "was first tried on Lord Litchfields', and all who hesitated to comply with the king's commands were ordered to lay down their arms;—the whole regiment, except two captains and a few Catholic privates, actually laid down their arms. The king was thunder-struck; and, after a gloomy silence, ordered them to take up their muskets, saying that he should not again do them the honor to consult them!"

They returned the compliment with interest. The events that at once followed; the landing of the Prince of Orange; the desertion of the unfortunate zealot by the entire nation; and his ultimate

flight and abdication, are notorious. One striking circumstance Sir James Macintosh has recorded. Chief Justice Jeffreys, when dying in the Tower of the injuries he received from an avenging people, said amongst other things that "if he had made the 'Western Campaign' as bloody as those who sent him would have had it, more blood would have been spilled!" Whether this miscreant was to be believed, even in the pangs of death, is very questionable; but if he were, this reflects a deep stain upon the character of James.

That as an accurate, eloquent, powerful and spirited disquisition upon one of the most interesting and important periods of our history this tract must always hold a high station, few readers will be disposed to doubt. It has, however, one great fault of omission. Sir James has no doubt given us, as the fruits of a most careful and historical research, a vivid and striking detail of the series of events that brought about the grand changes of 1688; but he has stopped here. He has copied Suetonius rather than Tacitus. We have a picture of facts and events furnished with all the nicety and life of the Flemish school of painting; but we have only this. Sir James has neglected the philosophical province of the historian or annalist; and shrunk from laying before his readers a summary of the characters of the leading actors in this extraordinary drama, and of the motives which actuated them. This is an omission much to be regretted; because on this particular portion of our history few readers are, we suspect, likely to supply it for themselves. As we, however, hold all suppressions or omissions of the veritable to be ultimately injurious and wrong, we shall not deny ourselves the pleasure of a few remarks on the subject, which are, in our opinion, necessary to a full apprehension of truth.

It has been too much the custom of writers to treat the Revolution of 1688 as if they who were most active in the promotion of that great event were influenced by motives of the purest patriotism, and dared to change the succession to a throne solely from love of freedom and hatred of arbitrary power. This was not, however, the case. After events plainly proved it not to be so; and hence the question returns upon us, what then were the motives which influenced the revolution and its promoters? We reply, they were in many instances pecuniary and selfish, and not disinterested. If we ask ourselves plainly *what* brought about the final catastrophe, the answer is, the junction of the church with the leading whigs, and the junction of these again with the great body of dissenters. Now, of this great combination, which for the moment included in it a vast majority of the country, we do not mean to say that many did not act from high and holy motives, especially amongst the nonconformists; but what was true of many, was not true of most. Who, at this time, believes that the church was influenced in the course it took by any new view of the value of free institutions? Who will assert that even the leading whigs, the Cavendishes, the Russels, and others who were the actual agents in bringing over the Prince of Orange, were so influenced? The truth was, a huge amount of property was now at stake, and for this was the game mainly played by numbers, who, with liberty on the tongue, had something less pure at heart. If James could possibly have succeeded in his plans, it was clear that the whole of the ancient church-property, including the immense possessions in lay lands, as well as the estates and tithes still enjoyed by the clergy, must have reverted. Mary and Elizabeth

had preserved their thrones by acquiescing in the distribution brought about by the Reformation. But with the Reformation the Stuarts were always really at war, and the triumph of James II. would have been almost tantamount to a triumph over the Protestant Reformation itself. This was felt to be the case. In such event, Holland must have fallen before the arms of Louis XIV.; and, Holland and England severed from the cause, what must have been the fate of Protestant Germany? This was felt to be the real view of affairs; and hence the junction of the whigs, who held immense parcels of impropriate tithes and abbey-lands, with the church, which at the moment felt its own property in jeopardy. Hence, also, the junction of the tory universities; and hence, lastly, the junction of the persecuted nonconformists with the other three, upon the principle that not only liberty in England, but the entire Protestant cause was at stake. That this was a true view on the part of the nonconformists, and that they acted a truly noble part, we of course mean to assert. But this measure of praise we cannot assign to all the other actors. When we see men acting thus, who had during their lives preached intolerance of the rights of conscience, and passive obedience, and non-resistance to

"The right divine of kings to govern wrong,"

we must look about for other motives, and to find them we must look lower. The truth of this view of the philosophy of the events of 1688, the after events surely confirmed. As soon as the immediate danger had passed, numbers who had acquiesced in the expulsion of James, opposed to the end the liberal and protestant principles of his successor. Such stipulations in favor of political liberty, as had been agreed to on the accession of William, were got rid of under his successors. Triennial parliaments were quickly made septennial; placemen readily found entrance into the House of Commons; which soon merged in itself the independence of the crown, which the Stuarts had struggled to preserve, but in vain, because they did so from motives as destitute of wisdom as of virtue. Whilst the crown continued antagonistic with the House of Commons, the liberties and purses of the people were secure; because the commons' interest and safety lay in withholding supplies. When, after the vain attempts of William to preserve it, the independence of the throne really merged in the two houses, profusion went on unchecked; the fable of "The Sun, the Wind, and the Traveller" was exemplified; and what force never could effect, bribery produced. These considerations ought not to be lost sight of. Absolutely necessary for the preservation of the rights of conscience, the revolution was in the end destructive of the salutary power of the first estate of the realm. The mixed sway of "king, lords, and commons," continued in name only.

The two houses became independent of the crown on one hand, and of the people on the other; and the legislative and executive powers became really centred in one body; an anomaly from which we may date the evils we now endure.

To the other historical and political tracts and speeches of Macintosh we can afford only a limited share of attention. His account of the partition of Poland is less vividly written than his tract on the Revolution, and is probably less accurate in minor details; but to its author, as a statesman, it does quite as much honor. With his concluding sentences we entirely accord; and we may add that it always seemed to us that the grand blunder of Na-

pooleon, as a statesman, was his omitting, at the earliest period when it was in his power, to reestablish the ancient kingdom of Poland in its integrity as to power and territory, but with institutions modified in accordance with the requirements of modern circumstances. Such a regeneration, and by him, would have been his best barrier against the deep hostility of the three powers of Austria, Russia, and Prussia; and whilst it would have operated as a diversion in favor of the Turkish empire, now menaced with ultimate destruction by the aggressive ambition of the Muscovite, would have conducted to the general interests of Europe. The following is the concluding reflection of Sir James:—

"The partition of Poland was the model of all those acts of rapine which have been committed by monarchs or by republicans during the wars excited by the French revolution. No single cause has contributed so much to alienate from ancient institutions, and loosen their respect for established governments. When monarchs show so signal a disregard to immemorial possession and legal right, it is vain for them to hope that subjects will not copy the precedent. The law of nations is a code without tribunals, without ministers, and without arms, which rests only on a general opinion of its usefulness, and on the influence of that opinion in the councils of states; and most of all, perhaps, on an habitual reverence produced by the constant appeal to its rules, even by those who did not observe them, and strengthened by the elaborate artifice to which the proudest tyrants deigned to submit, in their attempts to elude an authority which they did not dare to dispute. One signal triumph over such an authority was sufficient to destroy its power. Philip II., and Louis XIV., had often violated the law of nations; but the spoilers of Poland overthrew it."—Vol. ii., p. 384.

The tract on the authorship of the once celebrated and much controverted "*Ioön Basilike*," is, in our opinion, a perfectly successful one, notwithstanding the reasonings of the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth, and the special pleading of his congenial allies—the Quarterly reviewers of that period. Upon the broad view of the question we may conclude, in the absence of positive proof of the authorship, that had Charles I. been the writer, the truth never would have been doubtful. Had the MS. from which the *Ioön* was printed been in the autograph of the king, it would have been religiously preserved and transmitted. In the lack of anything like probable evidence of the book having really been the composition of Charles, the letter of Clarendon to Gauden, the rapid promotion of that very insatiable clerical cormorant to the sees, first of Exeter and next of Worcester, and the equivocal expression of Charles II. that "all in that book was *not gospel*!" are surely sufficient. Clarendon says expressly, "the particular which you often renewed I do confess was imparted to me under secrecy;" adding, "and truly when it ceases to be a secret, I know nobody will be glad of it but *Mr. Milton*!" Milton, in his "*Inconclaves*," had denied the royal authorship; and against that denial and Clarendon's corroboration of it, all we have brought consists merely of hearsay stories—trifling in themselves, inconsistent with each other—such as reports of persons, who had been told by other persons, that they had seen the MS. at Naseby interlined by the king, or that the writing of the copy from which it was printed was the king's, though different from his usual hand! In truth, this matter has occasioned much more controversy than it is worth, and as such we drop it.

Of the minor essays of Macintosh, we least like "the character of Mr. Canning," first printed in the *Keepsake*. It is, in fact, too like its subject, flashy and false. No man pretending to statesmanship was ever more over-estimated than Mr. Canning has been; and in one of the first sentences of his essay, Sir James goes far to settle his pretensions as a statesman, at the same time that he somewhat derogates from his own. "The Miguelites of Portugal, (says he,) the apostolicals of Spain, the Jesuit faction in France, and the divan of Constantinople, raised a shout of joy at the fall of their dreaded enemy!" Now, as to Spain and Portugal, the better judgment of Sir James might have taught him that no projects could be at once more pernicious and absurd than those which have led this country to attempt to plant, amongst a race of Iberian celts and bigoted Catholics, a form of government which grew up amongst Anglo-Saxons, and was brought to its present shape by Protestants, and in their eyes heretics. As for the "dread" inspired by this minister, that was manifested by the French expedition of 1823, when the Duc d'Angoulême, at the head of one hundred thousand men, dispersed the Cortes, crushed English influence, and would have proceeded, unawed by Canning, to have reconquered the revolted Spanish American colonies, had the insidious project not been resisted by Austria and Russia. That the imbecile course of the British cabinet, at that period, has had a pernicious effect upon our diplomacy ever since, we are well assured; nor was any after act of Canning's administration in the slightest degree calculated to redeem the character then so fatally injured. His recognition of the independence of the Spanish colonies, so much vaunted, was three or four years too late, and was forestalled by the United States. His Turkish policy was still worse. Filled with the childish idea of regenerating Greece, a thing as impossible as for him to raise Leonidas or Miltiades from the dead, he annihilated the naval force of the sultan, set up a miserable government in Greece to be the alternate tool of France and Russia, and laid that empire, the integrity of which the great Chatham had declared to be indispensable to the naval and commercial supremacy of Great Britain, at the feet of the crocodile Muscovite. At home, his total ignorance of all a minister ought to know was as disgracefully conspicuous. When the fearful monetary crisis of 1825-6 burst upon the community, Mr. Canning, and the equally incapable and empty but less flippant Goderich, were alike ignorant of the causes of the convulsion and of its remedy; and public credit was only saved by a lucky issue of one pound notes, found by chance, and put into circulation by advice of a man who never was a member of any government. Of this transaction we have, however, in a former number, given a true detail. In short, Mr. Canning was worthy of the body amongst whom he passed for a great man, the old unreformed House of Commons. There, at that period, a few trite hexameters, cleverly mouthed from Virgil, passed for classical learning; and to put truth out of countenance by a sneer, and to baffle exposure by a jest, were the grand requisites of the orator and statesman. That for his preëminence in these qualifications, Mr. Canning richly deserved the statue which they raised to him we shall be the last to deny; but Sir James Macintosh was not the man to write his *Eloge*, and should have left it to some more congenial pen.

From this misplaced eulogy, we might turn to a biography more worthy of the right-thinking mind



and elegant and versatile genius of Macintosh—the “Life of Sir Thomas More.” But our remaining space must be given to the best, perhaps, of the varied and multiform writings of Macintosh—his “Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy;” and we cannot conclude better than by bestowing a few pages of remark on the topics suggested by this work. As far as it goes to evince the accurate knowledge of the science of mind possessed by its author, it is difficult to praise this essay too highly. It is clearly the composition of a mind gifted with much metaphysical ability, skilled in drawing and in comprehending nice and subtle distinctions, and not liable to be confounded by those delusions, the grand stumbling-blocks of all psychological inquirers, which arise out of the unguarded use of words, and the neglect of those rigid definitions of the precise meaning of terms, without which mental science degenerates into a mere verbal puzzle. To dissect this dissertation minutely, would take us far beyond the limits which, in an article like the present, we must assign to ourselves. The utmost we can do is to give some general views of ethical and metaphysical science as delineated or alluded to by Macintosh; to trace in mental science that which may be said to be known or established, as distinguished from that which has been merely assumed as a postulate, or hypothesized as a part of some system; and lastly, to indicate, if we can, the direction in which future inquiries ought to be made, if the demonstration of truth rather than the temporary establishment of some fancy-founded hypothesis is to be the result of such research.

In proceeding to fill up the faint outline which we have sketched, we must premise that this tract of Macintosh is precisely that which it is called, as far as he could make it so. It is strictly “Ethical,” and, in other words, a spirited and succinct history of moral science, as that science has existed from early ages to the present time. As a specimen of elegant, and at the same time condensed, terse, and scientific composition, it is worthy of much praise. It intelligibly tells what is to be known in a department of knowledge, abstruse and difficult to be comprehended. To the performance of this delicate and difficult task Sir James has limited himself, and he has performed it happily. His mode is judicious, and at the same time cautious. He has steered clear of that fault so common amongst writers in this department of philosophy—the fault of overloading their readers with preliminary subtleties. He has briefly and clearly indicated the nature of moral investigation, and warned his reader most emphatically of that grand distinction which investigators of this subject must ever bear in mind—that is to say, that the quality of actions, whatever it be, which determines their moral fitness or unfitness, is a thing entirely separate from that faculty of the human mind, whatever it be, which enables it to come to moral conclusions, and to pass moral judgments. All moral inquiry naturally divides itself into these two branches, nor can we, without such division, satisfactorily proceed one single step in an examination so important in the end, and so delicate in the detail. Having cleared his ground, our author commences his dissertation by a rapid retrospect of ancient ethics, as treated of by the philosophers of Greece and Rome, by Zeno and Epicurus, by Plato and Socrates, by Aristotle, by Arceilaus and Carneades; then by Cicero and Seneca, and, later still, by the Alexandrian school, by Plotinus, and Pro-

clus, and their followers. From these writers Sir James naturally comes down to the ethics of the mediæval schoolmen, to the casuistries of Aquinas, William of Ockham, and those who carried forward the grand dispute of the “Nominalists and Realists,” which he justly describes as being really an anticipation of the more modern controversy as to “general or abstract ideas.” Of the strange and often perverted, but often acute, dialectics of these periods, we have a brief and rapid glance. The dissertation itself, however, properly begins only with modern ethics, of which we have a very lucid and accurate detail. It commences with a view of the moral doctrines of Grotius and Hobbes. After these we have an exposition of the various theories of Cudworth, Clarke, Bossuet, Fenelon, Leibnitz, Malebranche, and Edwards, as far as these writers touched ethical science. To these succeed the moral writings of Butler, Hutcheson, Locke, Berkeley, Hume, Smith, Hartley, Tucker, Reid, Paley, Stewart, and Brown; and the essay is wound up by some general remarks on the peculiar doctrines, touching ethical science, now prevalent in Germany, and beginning to pervade France and England, as laid down by the celebrated Kant and his successors, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel.

Such is the outline of the dissertation on the progress of ethical philosophy. It certainly affords a remarkably clear detail of the march of the science of morals, up to the time when it was written. Here is, however, its sole merit. This was, probably, all that its author intended to do. This is, certainly, all that he has done. To the amount of that which is known he has added nothing. He has merely done for ethics that which Enfield, Sir William Drummond, and others have done for moral philosophy or general metaphysics—that is to say, made a sort of map of the science. We cannot gather from the dissertation, with certainty, what were the opinions of the author as to the subject which he treats. With a body of materials on which to found a judgment, he appears to have shrunk from the ordeal. This we cannot but consider as a defect in one undertaking such a work. It has an unpleasant *negative* effect upon the mind of the student; producing, as it does, a sense of incertitude, and a tendency to that Pyrrhonistic conclusion, at once absurd and painful, that, in this direction, nothing can be concluded! From that gross selfishness, into which Hobbes and those who have followed him would resolve all human actions, the mind of Macintosh evidently revolts. The ethical defects of that celebrated writer, he evidently sees. Of the omission, by Hobbes, of all proper consideration of that affection of the human mind which we call “sympathy,” he is well aware. But it is not easy to say how far he is inclined to go in the opposite direction, nor whether he deems it possible, as Fenelon did, to conceive of any act of the mind with which something of self is not mingled. The French bishop imagined he could apprehend a love of God perfectly pure, and not only untainted by all consideration of fear of punishment or hope of reward, but totally apart from any feeling of self, however refined or however spiritualized. It is probable the acute intellect of Macintosh would see the insurmountable objections to all theories of this exalted kind, whether of Fenelon, or of Clarke, or of others who have striven after the untenable notion of a pure disinterestedness in human action. However we may recoil from the grosser selfishness of Hobbesism, reflection must in the end convince us that every such theory must

be destroyed by one ultimate difficulty—that difficulty being the total want of *motive* by which the mind is to act at all. In his account of the moral theory of Dr. Clarke, Sir James shows us that this excellent person fancied he could escape both from that which he was pleased to deem “Hobbesism,” and from some of the portions of Calvinistic theology, by resolving all morals into a consideration of the abstract “fitness of things.” This abstract fitness of things he deemed to be the object of moral approbation in itself, and apart from any consideration of the will of God, or of the divine disapprobation of those who might violate it. Clarke, in short, went so far as to assert that to sin was the same sort of absurdity as to attempt to alter the relations of numbers, or to withstand a *reductio ad absurdum* in mathematics. Granting this, however, we yet end in the difficulty before described—the absence of all motive to enable the mind to act at all. If we insulate our own selves—our own happiness or unhappiness—from this “fitness of things,” then comes the question, *how* is the mind to be acted upon by contemplating it? In this case, if we can conceive the mind to act at all, we must conceive it to act either without a motive for acting in one way rather than another, (which we hold to be impossible;) or to be acted upon by something which appeals not to sympathy, nor reflection, nor any quality, through which the mind is moved—a supposition which seems to include a plain contradiction. It is not easy to fancy that an intellect, like that of Macintosh, should fail to see this objection to all the fanciful systems which attempt to set up a pure disinterestedness in moral agents. Indeed, it is evident that he did, in some sort, perceive the objection. All we wish to convey is, that he did not state his views as to this point, with the confidence and force which, we think, the occasion demanded at his hands, and that he has occasionally used expressions which, if rigidly construed, are hardly consistent with a full perception of the truth. In the praise which Macintosh accords to Hartley, the author of the “Observations on Man,” in as far as the doctrine of the association of ideas is concerned, we are inclined to concur. Our notion of Hartley is, in fact, that of Priestley, who was at the pains to recast Hartley’s theory of the association of ideas, and publish it divested of the material theory of vibrations and vibratunecules with which its author literally overlaid it. With materialism it has nothing to do; and we agree with the estimate which Macintosh seems to have formed of its value, as a means of explaining certain mental phenomena, which are certainly difficult of explanation without it. Hartley has very clearly demonstrated that certain acts of the mind, as well as of the body, which were at first deliberate and voluntary, become, in effect, involuntary and mechanical, from the force of association alone. Hence, the mind, at last, comes to exercise an instantaneous and almost involuntary judgment as to various classes of human actions; this judgment having been at first deliberate, but having become involuntary and immediate, by virtue alone of habit, and the constant association of certain ideas with certain other ideas. It is probably the ignorance of this fact, or the want of attention to its extensive application, that has led to the doctrine of an innate “moral sense,” or of an innate “common sense,” enabling us to judge of certain acts and certain propositions by intuition. Reid and his followers saw that mankind were accustomed to come to immediate conclusions as to the truth or falsehood of many prop-

ositions, and as to the morality and immorality of many acts. To account for the universality and apparent mechanism of these conclusions, the doctrines of an intuitive “common sense,” and “moral sense,” were set up. The probability of such gifts was argued, upon the ground that they really afforded the only refuge against a universal skepticism; those who so argued forgetting that, of all the absurdities ever broached by the perversity or insanity of man, “Pyrrhonism” is the most absurd. Well might the poet say—

“He who affirms that ‘nought can be affirmed,’  
Stabs his own argument; which, like the babe  
Birth-nipped, is dead ere it hath life!”

Of all sophistries surely that is the most hopeless which sets out with an assertion that nothing can be asserted. In the praise which our author bestows upon Reid we cannot altogether join. His “common sense” is merely a bold assumption—a dogma, invented to account for phenomena which its inventor could not otherwise explain, but which may surely be otherwise explained. “Do unto others that which you would they should do unto you,” is the root of all morality. For an exhibition of the *modus operandi* we must look to that faculty of the mind designated as “sympathy,” and to the association of ideas in the mind in a certain order of sequence. “Sympathy” enables us to put ourselves in the place of him over whom circumstances give us a moral power. “Association” has connected pain with certain actions, as experienced by ourselves in our relations with others. This painful feeling we connect, by sympathy, with a similar action about to be experienced by another; and thus we feel that to be unjust towards others is that painful thing which we would have felt it to be so, if experienced by ourselves. Hence morality is, in essence, a “refined selfishness”—if such a word must be used. We are just or kind to avoid the *reflected pain* which the sight of injustice or unkindness, offered to others, is by a providential law made to cause to ourselves. Of course we do not mean to say that this law of sympathy determines the law of right and wrong. On the contrary, it is what it is because the law is what it is. It is a part of our natural constitution, which teaches moral distinctions, as involving a law of retribution in relation to such distinctions. In the impression of Macintosh that the “common sense” of Reid and his immediate scholars, contains the germ, and indeed a large portion of the philosophy of Kant, we fully agree. Upon this head we shall say more; our meaning being of course merely to point out that there is something in common between two theorists whose names are rarely associated. We may, perhaps, put Kant and Berkeley through the same process; at present, however, our business is with Macintosh, on whose dissertation we must say a few words more.

We have already indicated, as a blot upon this otherwise beautifully written tract, that it leaves us in a state of incertitude as to the real creed of its author. The objections to the doctrine of pure moral disinterestedness, in the extreme sense of the word, seem to be present to his mind, especially in his remarks on the theory of Clarke. On the other hand, we find him praising Stewart and Dr. Thomas Browne, evidently on account of the support which they gave to what may be designated the *unselfish* theory. These things cannot, however, and do not consist. There is no medium between the two; and hence this apparent hesitation of the essayist,

where hesitation cannot find any legitimate room, acts upon the mind of the reader as a discord does upon the ear of a musician. The essay is palpably out of tune. There is, every now and then, painfully apparent that which in harmonics is termed "a wolf." If Sir James is in accord with one, he is at discord with another; but he appears to endeavor, as musicians do, to *distribute* this impression, and we sometimes see him chime in with one extreme, and sometimes with the other, as it may happen. It may, perhaps, be said he was not bound to give any final decision. Perhaps not; but we may add our perfect assurance that of all his readers there is not one who has not wished that he had been so bound.

There remains one other objection to the plan of this essay to be noticed. It is, perhaps unavoidably, too limited. In metaphysical science, as in all other branches of knowledge, the divisions are arbitrary. Nature does not admit them. It is hard to say where the vegetable kingdom ends, and where the animal begins. Thus it is in metaphysical inquiry. By limiting his tract to ethics proper, Sir James, perhaps unwittingly, disabled himself from taking a complete view even of that subject. Ethical science cannot, in fact, be wholly kept apart from more general considerations. The two will intermingle; and as one proof of this we may revert to the long controverted question of "the freedom of the will," which, though a part of general metaphysics, yet mixes itself with the question of morals. Into this intricate matter the limitation self-imposed by Macintosh has forbidden him fully to enter. He alludes to it in his concluding reflections; but as a controverted question he leaves it intact; and yet he must unquestionably have been aware that there exists a large class of thinkers who insist upon a "philosophical freedom of the will"—whatever that may be—as a necessary component of all moral acts, and whose grand objection to "philosophical necessity" resides in the assertion or assumption that it is subversive of all morality and all accountability. There is no doubt in our mind that Clarke, in laying the foundation of his moral theory in a conception of the "fitness of things"—and apart from all considerations of the divine will, either in one way or another, fancied that in so doing he evaded the arguments first elucidated by Hobbes, but afterwards more completely demonstrated by Jonathan Edwards. In this he no doubt deceived himself, and it is probable that Macintosh was of this opinion, but his limits have prevented him from showing that Clarke was here in error, as far as any evasion of this doctrine is concerned; and hence, in this point of view, the dissertation is imperfect, even on a question of morals, from which the other question cannot be dissociated.

To the embarrassment, caused by the intermixture of this knotty question with his immediate theme, may also probably be attributed that which, to a modern reader, will appear the most palpable deficiency of this tract—that is to say, the absence of any proper notice by its author of the peculiarities of German metaphysical philosophy. Into this field Sir James excuses himself from entering, on the score of lack of space. It would, indeed, have opened a somewhat wide expanse for dissertation; and this his readers must even at that time have felt—and so feeling, the omission must, at the period when the essay appeared, have been a subject for regret. At this day, however, it is doubly so. The public mind, little versed, of late years, in psychological inquiries, has been impressed with a

notion that in the philosophy of Germany the perfection of metaphysics is alone to be found. All that has been done by the illustrious body of English inquirers, whose writings on these subjects graced the last two centuries, is contemptuously pushed aside to make way for these new comers. The French metaphysicians, down to the commencement of the nineteenth century, are treated after the same arrogant fashion; and those who would know aught of the science of mind are referred at once to the school of Kant and his successors, as alone worthy of being studied by those who would try to know what man is, or is not; what he can, or what he cannot, do; and what is, or is not, the real nature of that world in the midst of which he is placed. These are questions which, in an age devoted to physics and mechanics, are deemed by the many either incapable or unworthy of an answer. But no considerate mind can thus judge of them. A period for reaction must come, when the mechanism of mind may be deemed just as interesting and important as that of a steam-engine, and when the excogitation of a mental principle may excite as keen a curiosity as the exhumation of a fossil mammoth or megatherium. We are of opinion that the religious excitement at present evidently in progress over Europe, may ultimately tend to this result. This, in our humble opinion, is no subject for regret. We shall never mourn over that revolution which shall help to exalt mind above matter; and it is under these impressions, and with these views, that we propose, in some slight degree, to supply the deficiency to which we have adverted, and to hazard a few remarks on the German school and its professors.

An examination into the claims of any system of philosophizing, naturally divides itself into two portions. We are to inquire, first, is this philosophy original, and how far? Next, we must ask, if it be original, how far is it valuable? In the few observations which we are tempted to make upon this subject, we shall follow this order of inquiry. If, then, we investigate the origin of the German school of metaphysical philosophy, as founded by the celebrated Professor Kant, (for it is with this that we have to do,) we arrive at this view of it. Taking the whole range of metaphysical inquiry, from its first dawning until a period is arrived at close to our own times, we come to one or two, or more general conclusions, which serve as a sort of landmarks. We find that men early arrived at the notion of two sorts of existences—matter and mind. Upon this notion we find built various modifications; and round it we discover to be hung various doubts. We discover the sublimed but fanciful intellect of Plato tending to something in common with Mani, and treating matter, in some sort, as the Manicheans did, as a sort of "evil principle." On the other hand, we also come upon inquirers who discard the system of two sorts of existence, and who attempt with Democritus and Epicurus to construct a universal materialism out of one mode of existence. Upon these attempts to explain what matter is, and to account by its means for all phenomena, we also find doubts thrown by others; and hence "Pyrrhonism," which early denied the validity of any inferences as to external things from our own sensations, and essayed to involve all in that chaos of skepticism which modern times have seen revived, especially by Hume. Out of all this we may, we believe, deduce one fact; that fact being—that although doubts innumerable and skepticism indescribable as to the true nature



of existence abounded, no philosopher expressly and unhesitatingly denied the existence of an external world, until the extraordinary genius of George Berkeley, bishop of Cloyne, dared to conceive, to compose, and to publish his treatise on "the Principles of Human Knowledge." The much misunderstood, and as we are willing to believe, the deeply maligned Benedict Spinoza, about the same period, *all but* did this. Spinoza, however, did not do it. His works were overwhelmed by the hostility of men who either could not or would not understand them. In the mean time, the amiable Berkeley, a genius just as likely to be misunderstood and vilified as was Spinoza, boldly placed his theory before the world. It convinced few, scandalized some, and astounded most. It remained, however, unanswered, a monument of the subtlety and audacity of the human intellect. But, though unanswered, it was not unheeded, and the equally subtle genius of Hume soon attempted to twist the principle of Berkeley into an instrument in favor of a universal skepticism. He confounded the recipient with the ideas received; and by jumping to this absurd conclusion, tried to resolve everything into a bundle of sensations, inexplicable in origin as in end.

The foregoing sketch is of course a mere sketch, and hardly that; but it affords a faint outline of the general position of metaphysical science, as left by Hume and his followers, and as taken up, *amongst others*, by Kant. In this state it was certainly somewhat of a puzzle. Locke, postulating an external world, had succeeded in persuading mankind that all they knew of that world was obtained from without themselves, by the instrumentality, and through the medium, of simple sensation. All intuitive knowledge he denied, and called in question the possibility of such a thing as an abstract or general idea; except as a result of the knowledge which has its beginning in sensation, and is reacted upon by reflection. Berkeley at one blow had lopped off Locke's postulate. He limited all human knowledge to that of its own sensations. The external world was to him a mere *gratis dictum*; an assumption; a dogma unsupported by any logic that could be admitted. Hume had insidiously followed this up by asking, if the sensations and ideas be taken away, what have we left? Cause and effect he resolved into a mere sequence of ideas, denying that we have any conception of them beyond this.

To a mind like that of Immanuel Kant, the skeptical hue, which the subtle sophistry of Hume had succeeded in impressing upon all mental philosophy, must have been very repugnant. In his great aim as a speculator, Kant was assuredly the reverse of a skeptic. No man ever more sincerely eschewed doubt and grasped at certainty. He found all metaphysics, as he deemed, steeped in uncertainty. The principle of Berkeley, which states that, beyond what is derived from our own sensations, we can have no knowledge, properly so called, he found to be impregnable. If, then, admitting this, he also admitted with Locke, that all knowledge was obtained *ab externo*, or from without; and that the mind was passive in receiving, and only active in apprehending and retaining that which was received, it followed at once that the mind's knowledge is only a knowledge of ideas impressed upon it. That it has no activity to acquire knowledge, being passive in all save mere sensibility, or the power of feeling sensations and ideas. But this embraced the conclusion that, in

such a case, an external world was absolutely unknowable; and Kant was not prepared to deny or abandon all created existence but his own, which no man can abandon nor deny. Out of this gulf he accordingly sought a way; and at length deemed he had found one. By dint of long reflection, Kant convinced himself that all knowledge is *not* from without. He assumed for the mind an active power. He asserted that a portion of our knowledge—and no small one—is obtained from within; by the mind's active power of searching for, finding, grasping, and appropriating, certain classes of ideas, necessary to be known, but only thus to be known. The particular ideas thus obtained he undertook to specify. We cannot recapitulate them, for they are many. To some two, or three, we may have to refer. Suffice it, at present, to say, that by this means he deemed he had arrived at certainty, both with regard to external existence and to portions of the powers of the human mind, beyond any knowledge which the mere contemplation of phenomena or sensations can possibly afford. All phenomena he resolved into mere sensation; and sensation proves nothing beyond itself. But in the active power of the mind he held a key was obtained, unlocking the mystery of the *noumena*, or external existences, by which the phenomena were caused. This key resides in the knowledge obtained from within, esoterically, as it were, of certain truths, abstract and general, but so connected with the *noumena*, or external existences, as to lead irresistibly to the inference and admission that such things must be and are.

This is the best condensation which we can achieve of the leading peculiarities of this celebrated system. We have not wilfully misstated any point. We trust we have not unintentionally done so. As the exposition stands, we hold it cannot fairly be accused of "mysticism." To our own mind it is perfectly clear. If not mystical, we must, however, call it dogmatical; nor do we see why the followers of Kant should object to this. We only use this term because the points cannot be logically proved. They may be true;—but of these truths we can only become aware by finding them true of our own minds, and by self-examination. Kant's doctrine must be *felt* to be true. It cannot be *proved* to be true by logical process. In this sense, therefore, it is dogmatical. If believed, it must be so, because it is self-evident to the believer, or he must believe it upon trust on the assertion of another—as a dogma is believed by all, except in the case of the first assertor.

We now, however, come to the main question: Is this method of Kant an original method? In part, we answer, it may be so; but it would be difficult to show that there is any very material difference between it and the "common sense" of Reid, the Scottish opponent of Hume. Reid clearly apprehended the same difficulty that Kant perceived; nor is his way of meeting it very dissimilar. Kant held that he found in the human mind a power to discover and apprehend certain classes of truths, unknowable by means of evidence, and impossible to be arrived at by ordinary processes of reasoning. Reid held that the human mind included in itself an intuitive power to judge of the truth or falsehood of certain propositions when brought before it; this judgment being instinctive and not arrived at by a consideration of proof or evidence of any kind, adduced in the ordinary way of logical demonstration. Hence Kant decided against Berkeley and Hume, upon the strength of an asserted power to see truths

independently of the ordinary methods of arriving at the knowledge of truth. Hence Reid decided, as Kant did, against Berkeley and Hume, upon the strength of an asserted power of judgment, independently of the ordinary foundations of ordinary judgment, in ordinary cases. The difference between Reid and Kant, then, is, that one asserts a new power to *discover* truths; the other, a new power to *judge* between what is true and what is false. Both asserted powers lead to the same results, or nearly the same. In their conclusions Kant and Reid will be found nearly to agree. The originality of either, as compared with the other, does not thus seem to be great. If results are the test of value, the value of the methods are probably equal.

If we admit, to the fullest extent which his followers could wish, the originality and truth of Kant's psychological doctrine, we still come to the question of its *value*. Admitting it as true, we yet demand, what do we *gain* by it! The disciples of the philosopher assert that he discovered in the mind a power to perceive certain truths, and to come to certain conclusions *à priori*, and independently of any process resting upon experience. The knowledge derived through the medium of the senses he held to be uncertain, variable, and inferior; in short, as a sort of knowledge requiring to be corrected by that more certain knowledge which the mind acquires solely by its own energy, and which is the knowledge of universals. Now is this asseveration correct? Will it not be found, by close examination, that the power which this philosophy arrogates, only amounts, upon its showing, to a power of deciding dogmatically and *à priori* upon the truth of certain propositions as they stand, and to nothing more! Let us take an instance. Kant asserted the truth of that general proposition which predicates of the human will that it is "free." He admitted that this truth could not be arrived at by any reasoning founded upon the experience of facts, or upon an examination of the phenomena of this or that man's will. This he admitted; but asserted, that by the activity of pure reason we perceive the truth of the universal proposition, "All men's wills are free;" and we then prove the particular by the general; "All men's wills are free." Cornelius is a man; *therefore*, the will of Cornelius is free. Now all this may be admitted to be correct, and yet there is ample room to ask *WHAT* is arrived at, after all! The truth of the freedom of the will? No. Not so; but the truth only of a proposition which, in words, affirms it. We have established a verbal *formula*. *Cui bono?* For of the meaning of the term or phrase "freedom of the will," we have no clearer perception than we had before. It is no answer to this to say that this freedom cannot be proved by evidence. It may not be capable of logical proof; but if it be perceived, why can it not be defined? The difficulty, hitherto, of the advocates of free-will has been to give an intelligible definition of that for which they contend. The question we ask is. Has the philosophy of Kant helped the advocates of this doctrine to escape this difficulty; or, Have the advocates of free-will, who are Kantians, any clearer idea of the bone of contention than they have who are its advocates but who are not Kantians? If this question, as we believe it must be, shall be answered in the negative, then comes the other question—What, then, in this instance, is the value of this philosophy?

If we were to extend this process to other questions we should be met by the same results. If,

for instance, we take the words "duty," "time," "space," as expressing what are termed "general ideas," and not with reference to particular duties, times, or spaces, we shall find the German philosophy enunciating, dogmatically and *à priori*, the truth of certain *formulae* of other words appended to these single words. This philosophy tells us that the verbal propositions which affirm "duty is a reality," "space is a reality," and "time is a reality," are true; not because it can prove them to be true, but because it perceives them to be true. Still the question remains, What is the value of these perceptions? Does the perception of the truth of these verbal propositions include a clearer perception of duty, time, and space, than men have who are not German philosophers—or does it not? If it do not, where is the gain? If it do, why not favor us with improved definitions of these terms? Surely that which is perceived may be defined and described.

We have acquitted Kant of the charge of being a mystagogue. The aim of this extraordinary man is, we admit, perfectly manifest and intelligible. His at once subtle and powerful mind grasped at absolute certainty, as to questions with regard to which certainty had not been attained. This certainty he could not attain from without, and he endeavored to find it within. He convinced himself that various truths, inscrutable by any process of demonstration, may be directly perceived by the intellect that steadily and faithfully contemplates them; or, in other words, that abstract truths are self-evident to him who uses, in viewing them, the pure reason which God has given him, and trusts to that reason. This may be delusion, but it is hardly to be termed mysticism, though it has led to much that comes fairly under that denomination. If we acquit Kant himself, we cannot acquit all his followers. This philosophy, as taught by its author and his successors, has unquestionably led to a series of innovations in language, which appears to be ending in the establishment of a sort of modern "Euphuism," or totally novel style of talking and writing, not only on philosophical, but on ordinary subjects. Now there exists a set of men, beyond all doubt, who love that which is cloudy and mysterious for its own sake, and own an electric attraction towards vague phraseology, misty dialectics, and an exalted and tumid, but nebulous generality of expression. Ixion embraced a cloud because he thought it Juno. These men embrace their Juno purely because she *is* a cloud. To such spirits the style peculiar to the German school of thinkers and talkers has a charm irresistible. They love it even as they delight in the dreamy poetry of Ossian or the versified metaphysics of Akenside. It is deemed sublime because, according to the prescription of Burke, it is compounded with a portion of the obscure; and pleases as moonlight pictures do, because their light is less, and their shadows deeper, than sunlight will permit. It is the propensity of such temperaments to exaggerate; and thus, as this style becomes more common, in that precise *ratio* will it be found to become more unintelligible. As the painter who determined to outvie Rembrandt, finished at last with a composition which was all *chiaro-scuro*, so transcendental literature threatens to end in something which may literally be termed a "darkness visible." Now against this we must take leave to protest. "Ex fumô dare lucem" may be an apposite motto for a gas-lamp, but hardly for a philosophical school; and sure we are that the man who labors to clear language of its am-

biguity, will go to posterity with a passport better than his who struggles to obscure it.

We cannot, within the space allowed us, pretend to notice the modifications by his followers of the doctrines of Kant, nor must we, in quitting the subject, appear to call in question either the talent or earnestness of the modern school of metaphysics, as constituted by those who hold generally his doctrines. We are well aware that this school has produced some virtuous and magnanimous thinkers. Why should it not? a strong persuasion of the truth of subtle abstractions extends itself, and renders more vivid the perception of truths, more limited in application, but more important in practice. Let us, however, guard ourselves—for this is all we wish to do—from inferring the truth of his tenets from the character of the teacher. For it is a truth, although a sad one, that many a man has drawn comfort from a false religion, and been exalted and sustained by a philosophy itself destitute of foundation. We only object to this philosophy, that it has, in our humble opinion, somewhat mistaken its road. It has looked for a certainty which cannot be found, and stigmatized as idle assumption much that is undeserving of such a stigma, because it cannot be brought within that category of certainty which is unattainable. These are the extremes of doctrine. Inferences may be irresistible which cannot, in the sight of a rigorous logic, be held to be positively certain; and a perpetually increasing probability may at last come to equal, in force of conviction, the power of demonstration, or the light of intuition. Would it not be better then to avail ourselves of such certainty as we have, and when demonstration and intuition fail us, to be contented with evidence, of which the cumulative power may induce conviction almost as strongly as could demonstration itself?

No sane mind ever doubted of its own existence. No sane mind ever doubted of its own identity, because the mind being a unit, and not a composite, the certainty of its own identity is a part of its essence. This consciousness of identity cannot be severed from the consciousness of existence. It is perfectly easy to imagine other minds to exist which, as far as knowledge, memory, feeling, and character are concerned, shall be *fac-similes* of our own; but we cannot, for a single moment, conceive such *fac-similes* to be ourselves. We cannot do this, because identity is not a composition, or aggregate, but a unit, and cannot by any power of imagination be conceived of otherwise, even for a single moment. But what is this unit? or how shall we define it? It is no aggregate, made up of ideas of extension, solidity, ponderosity, form, or color. Neither is it a bundle of sensations, a compound of feeling, reflection, and memory, for these things are only its modes, and reside, and are inherent in it, but are no part of it. We can only define it, then, as the rigid and mathematical Spinoza defined it, to be "*RES COGITANS*," a "thinking thing," or, in other words, a being of which thought is the attribute.\* This definition seems narrow to the ear, but to the understanding it is the reverse, for who can say what discoveries as to the nature of thought

are not in reserve! Metaphysicians have hitherto divided it into "sensation" and "reflection," and here they have stopped. No one has attempted to trace the possible modifications of that mysterious principle, which we so designate, upwards or downwards. No one has attempted to demonstrate even the probability of a system of beings, really sentient, ministering in their several degrees to each other, from the lowest conceivable manifestation of sensibility to the highest operations of intellect, and communicating only by means of those superadded ideas of extension, space, time, form, solidity, and color, the true nature of which has been so often mistaken, and, as it should seem, the true office of which may not have been demonstrated. Metaphysicians seem to have wandered betwixt extremes. Idealism, on one hand, *annihilates all but itself* by sweeping negations. Materialism, on the other hand, builds the triumph of matter only upon the degradation or denial of mind, for that is the real result. In the ripeness of time, it is probable that truth may be found between these two. We may learn to assign to the substance, whose attribute is thought, its true rank and true domain; whilst we find for the material modes a subordinate office, even as the sand interposed betwixt the hand and that which it would grasp, often enables it to seize that which must else have eluded its clutch. Such appears to us the direction in which psychological discovery is to be made. What we can only faintly indicate, future times and future adventurers may achieve. The last thing of which we ought to despair is the progress of inquiry, if virtuously conducted, and with a view to the ultimate improvement and happiness of man.

We are now to conclude, and we must do so with a few remarks on the character of the accomplished person, whose works have given the occasion for the present article. Sir James Macintosh was no ordinary man, but he lived at an era where in the senate, at the bar, and in the walks of philosophy and of general literature, England exhibited a variety and brilliance of genius not often equalled in any age or country. In the House of Commons, eloquence was of more value than it is at present, from obvious causes. Stern necessity then pressed less upon governments, and as necessity did less, persuasion did more. Eloquence, accordingly, abounded. In the commons were Pitt, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Grey, Canning, Windham, Romilly, Whitbread, Tierney, and Brougham, whilst Horner and Huskisson were the mouth-pieces of those who styled themselves, *par excellence*, "political economists." At the bar were Erskine, Scott, and Law, with various other minor lights. In philosophy were prominent the names of Cavendish, Dugald Stewart, Watt, Brown, Priestley, and Leslie. Amongst the political strategy of the day, the beautiful sophistries and exalted thoughts of Burke, and the brilliant wit of Canning, were strangely contrasted with the keen sarcasm and originality of Horne Tooke, the light humor of Sidney Smyth, the eloquence of Jeffrey, the reckless intrepidity of Paine, the specious fantasies of Godwin, and the Anglo-Saxon energy and plain sense of Cobbett. With such men as Pitt, Fox, and Sheridan, Macintosh is certainly not to be compared. He could not have led a political party like the first two; nor could he, like the last, have attained and preserved a high place in the world of politics and of letters, in spite of the disadvantages of a defective education, and an indulgence in vices which would at once, and utterly, have ruined a more ordinary man.

\*Should any reader be surprised at this reference to Spinoza, unaccompanied by any allusion to opinions erroneously attributed to him, we most respectfully refer such reader to his works. A perusal of them will prove him the reverse of that, which he has been supposed to be—an Atheist! The best edition of his collected works is that of Professor Paulus, entitled—"*Benedicti de Spinoza opera quæ superant omnia*. Jena, vol. i., 1802; vol. ii., 1803."—H. E. G. Paulus, Prof. Ienensis.



With an intellect like that of Burke, the mind of Macintosh will as little bear to be contrasted. Even in Burke's most sophistical compositions, we perceive a loftiness of thought and depth of reflection that few men have equalled, and to which Sir James Macintosh could not lay claim. With Canning he had more in common. It is our belief that he was, as a scholar, the better read man of the two; and as a politician and a judge of mankind, it is no compliment to place him above that brilliant and showy, but certainly shallow statesman. But the ready wit, the elegant repartee, and the refined sarcasm of the son of the actress were denied him. For the *coups de Theatre* of Canning he had not the tact, and hence, alone, his inferiority; for in elegant literature, in classical lore, and in truth of thinking, he was his superior. Of all his contemporaries, we should say that Sir James Macintosh comes nearest to the excellent Sir Samuel Romilly. Like him he was an accomplished lawyer, a fluent speaker, a polished writer, and a benevolent and liberal thinker, in the emphatical meaning of these terms. Like that of Romilly, his character was so well balanced as to come nearer to the semblance of perfection than do the characters of men of much greater genius, but less regular and carefully tutored habits of thought. Genius is apt to run into extremes, and to be alternately loaded with exaggerated praises or undeserved censures. With minds more equable but less exalted, this is not the case; and where Romilly and Macintosh missed the meed of praise, they escaped also the shafts of blame, and the reaction of that unmerited hostility, which too often follows triumphs too splendid. As an author, Sir James Macintosh cannot certainly be placed in the van of the writers of his time, but he stands near the head of the second rank. His style is always correct, scholarlike, and elegant; but it wants imagination and graphic power, as well as nerve and strength of expression. If it seldom carries away, it, however, always pleases and sometimes delights the reader. If never sublime, it is always polished; and compared with the compositions of such a writer, for instance, as Lord Brougham, is a statue of the Parian marble contrasted with some savage sculptures in Scotch sandstone. As a teacher of those around him, Sir James Macintosh was successful, not because he possessed great store of original thought, but because he fully digested and skilfully condensed a varied supply of intellectual aliment raised and matured by others. Hence his political maxims and theories were never original, nor were his historical views either beyond, or in a direction different from, those of other men. What was to be known he knew, what was good he generally adopted, and what he adopted he always adorned. Beyond this, however, he did not go. New truths and new principles are diamonds in the rough which few have the energy to search for or to find. Macintosh preferred the labor of polishing the gem to that of discovering it; and by the brilliance of his cutting and taste in setting, divided the merit with him who dug it from the mine. As a politician and historian, his most palpable deficiency is the want of knowledge of the modern science of political economy. Of this branch of knowledge he was clearly almost as destitute as was Canning, and, unlike Brougham, he did not indulge the wretched affectation of pretending to know that which he had never mastered. In the stability of the French "assignats," it is manifest he was a believer to the last; and it is equally clear that of

the mistakes of Horner, Ricardo, Huskisson, and Peel, as to our own currency, he was just as little cognizant. If this ignorance, however, prevented his doing some good, it saved him, also, from participating in much evil and some folly; and, luckily for himself, modestly averse, as was Lord Grey, from committing himself to dogmas, of which he had no knowledge, he escaped being prominently mixed in the measures of the "Bullion Committee," the resolutions and contradictions of Mr. Vansittart, and the heartless monstrosities of Mr. Malthus. In fine, as an author, Sir James Macintosh must always stand high, but far from the highest. His works ought to be a part of our libraries, though a minor part. By the old, however accomplished, they must always be read with pleasure. By the young, however gifted, they must ever be perused with advantage. As one of those who, by the judicious use of admirable acquirements, have contributed to civilize the minds and advance the liberties of their countrymen, he must ever rank; but not amongst those mighty few can he be placed, who, by the demonstration of a great principle, or the discovery of a new truth, have exalted human nature itself, and conferred benefits, until then unthought of, upon mankind.

#### THE PARTING OF THE EARTH.

TRANSLATED FROM SCHILLER BY LORD NUGENT.

"TAKE ye the earth!" cried Jove, as from high heaven

To Man he spake; "Yours shall it ever be,  
For an enduring heritage 't is given;  
Take it;—but see ye share it brotherly!"

Then hastened each to seize, with busy hand,  
As each, or young or old, his choice had made;  
The rustic tilled and reaped the teeming land—  
The young lord hunted through the greenwood shade.

With the world's wealth the merchant filled his store,  
The abbot's cellars yawned for generous wine;  
The public pass the king stood guardian o'er;  
Bridges and roads—"The toll," he cried, "is mine!"

Division made—then late, and listlessly,  
From some far realms the charmed poet came,  
Alas! what heritage or hope had he!—  
All owned some present master's earlier claim.

"Ah, woe is me!—Alone of all, must I  
Forgotten be!—And I thy truest son!"  
Thus 'gan he wail, loudly and mournfully,  
And cast him down before Jove's star-girt throne.

"Tranced in the land of dreams if thou didst stay,"  
Replied the God, "complain not then of me—  
Where wast thou!—others won the earth away."  
"Father," the poet said, "I was with thee!"

"Still, on thy face was turned my raptured gaze,  
Still to thy heaven's own harmony mine ear;—  
Pardon the wandering spirit, that, in the blaze  
Dazzled, hath lost all home and portion here.

"List, then," said Jove, "the earth is others' fee—  
The pasture, forest, mart, no more are mine.  
But, in my heaven would'st thou abide with me,  
Mount, son!—the realms of light and song are thine."  
[Bentley's Miscellany.]

From Chambers' Journal.

## MINOR TRIALS.—A STORY OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

THE prick of a pin often gives more acute pain than the gash inflicted by a lancet. So, as we pass through life, our minor sorrows are frequently harder to bear than our great afflictions. Very heavy troubles either deaden our sense of suffering by the violence of the shock, or else excite an unwonted and unnatural strength, which enables us to stand firm against the blow. But the minor evils of life annoy us—irritate us; we chafe against them, and can neither patiently endure, nor manfully fight against them. And thus it is that we often see those whom we had most revered for having nobly borne great trials, the first to sink under lesser ones.

But enough of this moralizing strain, into which we are too prone to fall. There is no sermon so good as example, and a plain story often does more service than all the essays on morality that ever came from old Wisdom's pen. In our childish days—alas! a long, long time ago!—we learned more from good Mrs. Hoffman's simple tales, than Dr. Aikin or Mrs. Chapone could ever have taught us. Her diligent boys, and kind sisters, and patient companions, were like mute friends to us, ever inciting us to emulate their good examples; silent monitors, who, without any prosy advice, by their own actions admonished us to go and do likewise. And thus we have ever loved and had faith in stories. Now for our own.

It was on a fine May morning, when earth and sky seemed full of hope and gayety, that a bride was brought home to the small parish of Woodmanslea. It was a gay procession; the horses' heads were nodding under green boughs, and girls were strewing flowers on the road; for the bridegroom was no less a personage than the young rector, the Rev. Owen Thornton, who had brought to his English home Katharine Gordon, one of the fairest flowers that ever grew on the Highland hills. Katharine was that rare sight—a truly beautiful woman. She was not pretty—her stature was too tall for that; and her regular and somewhat strongly-marked features were too classically perfect to charm at once a common eye, which is generally dazzled by complexion or manner. She had the dark hair and aquiline character of face which, probably by some foreign intermixture, is often found in the Highlands of Scotland in contradistinction to the fair face and sunny hair, which is perhaps less beautiful, but more winning. And Katharine's eyes—

“Her dark and intricate eyes,  
Orb within orb, deeper than sleep or death”—

no other words than these we quote would adequately describe them. Her beauty was more noble than loveable; so that the village girls who clustered around her carriage were in some degree awed, until the inexpressible sweetness of her smile chased away all their doubts. The bridegroom was, as is nearly always the case, totally unlike his wife; mild in face and manner, with irregular but pleasing features, which, amidst all their sweetness of expression, bore a certain character of indecision. Quiet and gentlemanlike in his deportment; of disposition according with his kindly looks, not particularly clever, but possessing considerable acuteness of perception, united with almost womanly tenderness of feeling, Owen Thornton was in every way what an English country clergyman should be.

The carriage wound slowly up the wooded hill,  
CXLII. LIVING AGE. VOL. XII. 15

on the top of which stood the church and the rectory. The road through which they passed was bounded by thick hedges, out of which sprang noble trees—oak, elm, and chestnut with its fragrant white flowers. At times a break in these verdant boundaries showed glimpses of a lovely, wide extended landscape. But when they had passed the old church, and came to the summit of the hill, how beautiful was the scene before them! For miles and miles, as far as the eye could reach, lay a rich undulating valley; sunny slopes, of the graceful curve which is peculiar to the part of the country we describe; white mansions glimmering through trees; dark woods here and there; and the river winding amidst all, like a silver thread, now seen, now lost, until it hid itself in the blue distant mountains that bounded the whole; and above all hung the deep blue arch of heaven, fraught with the glorious sunshine of May.

Katharine Thornton looked on this scene, and her beautiful lip trembled with deep feeling. She took her husband's hand, and said in a sweet voice, which a slight northern intonation only made more musical, “And is this your sunny England? It is beautiful, most beautiful!”

“And you will love it for my sake?” answered the delighted bridegroom.

Her answer was audible to him alone; but the evident pleasure of the young bride had gratified all; and as the carriage turned to enter the heavy gates of the old rectory, the villagers and tenants, who had come to greet the squire's younger brother, rent the air with their shouts. And such was Katharine Thornton's welcome home.

A few weeks passed by, and the bride became settled in her new abode, and entered cheerfully on her new duties. It was in every way a great change for Katharine. True, she had no distant home to cling to and regret, for she was an orphan; and then she loved her husband so entirely! But yet everything she met seemed new and strange to the young Highland girl, thus suddenly transformed into an English clergyman's wife. Still she was happy—most happy! She moved about her beautiful garden on the slope of the hill, and amused herself with the arrangement and adornment of her pretty home, which Owen's care had filled with everything that could please his beloved wife—and she felt such delight in her new dignity, when she took the head of her husband's table as the mistress of the house! It was a girlish feeling; but she was so young—not out of her teens in truth. And then Katharine had to welcome and visit her new relatives—her husband's mother, and brother, and sisters. Her heart was overflowing with love for them all, for she had none of her own; and even before her marriage, she had looked forward to these new ties with intense pleasure. But when the young wife actually met them, though their greeting was not unkind, she fancied it was cold. In this Katharine was mistaken; for when her mother-in-law first kissed her cheek, and welcomed her as Owen's wife, a deep interest had sprung up in her heart for the stranger. But Katharine did not know this.

Mrs. Thornton was an English gentlewoman of the old school, such as exist in the nooks where the manufacturing whirlpool has not yet swallowed up and mingled the gradations of ancient gentry, yeomen, and farmers. Dignified, reserved, but not forbidding—kind to the poor from nature and from custom—loving her children with a deep but not openly-shown affection, the sole remaining tie of a long-widowed heart—such was Owen's mother.

John Thornton, her eldest son, the squire of the village, was the very opposite of his brother—bold, manly, reckless—the best hunter and best fox-hunter for miles round. Devoted to these sports, he lived unmarried with his mother and sisters at the hall. Of these three sisters we must now speak, for it was to them that Katharine chiefly looked for society and affection.

Miss Thornton, the eldest, was what the world spitefully terms an *old maid*. She might once have been handsome, but her younger sisters never remembered her otherwise but as she now appeared—a gentle and ladylike woman of middle age. There had been some shadow over her youth, Owen told his wife—some old and lost love; but no one ever spoke of it now. A broken heart is rare—blessings to old Time, the benevolent healer of all sorrows, for the same! And if some coldness was left in Elizabeth Thornton's heart, which gave a slight tinge to her manners, it was all that now remained of her early sorrows. Agnes, the second, was one of those every-day characters that are constantly met with—neither plain nor pretty, neither disagreeable nor particularly winning; but Florence, the youngest, was a beautiful and accomplished girl, and Owen's darling sister. Of her Katharine had often heard, and had longed to see her; but when they really met, she was disappointed. There was an evident constraint in her sister-in-law's manner towards her. Florence seemed to watch so eagerly every word, every action, of her brother's wife; and then Owen thought so much of her. Every new ornament in the house, or improvement in the garden, was the result of Florence's taste, until the young wife became wearied of hearing "Florence did that," "Florence did so and so." Foolish Katharine! she was absolutely becoming jealous; while Florence, on her part, though of sweet temper in the main, almost looked upon her beautiful sister-in-law as a rival.

Now came various trifling vexations, which jarred on the spirit of the young bride, and often contracted her fair brow with a frown, at which she herself was the first to laugh and blush when the trivial cause that brought it thither was past. Katharine had borne nobly the loss of parents, of home, and many great sorrows too heavy for one so young; but now, in the midst of her happiness, innumerable minor things arose to annoy her. She was so anxious that her sisters should love her; and yet it seemed that they always happened to visit the rectory when its young mistress was chafed by some household disaster; and Agnes looked grave, and praised English ways and habits in a tone which made Katharine's Highland blood rush to her brow, while Florence laughed at her, and Miss Thornton talked of patience and the beauty of gentleness of temper. And, in truth, this latter quality was what Katharine sorely wanted. She was a high-spirited woman, of strong, deep feelings, but she wanted that meek, loving spirit "which endureth all things;" and she felt too keenly those chance words and looks in which even the best of people will at times indulge, not knowing how very bitterly some of them rankle in the memory of another.

Katharine certainly loved Mrs. Thornton much, perhaps more than she did her sisters. It might be that she saw a likeness to Owen in his mother's face; and how suddenly, how immediately, does the heart cling to such a resemblance to one beloved, even when traced in a passing stranger! Still, Katharine's sensitive temper fancied that the

reserved and sedate manner of Mrs. Thornton sprang from an unloving heart.

"I would love her if she would let me!" thought the young wife many a time. "But I fear neither she nor any of them love me."

There is nothing so chilling, so repulsive to affection, as this doubt concealed in the heart; and Katharine's manner grew colder, and her visits at the hall less frequent; so that her sisters, whose slight prejudices a little patient forbearance would have melted into warm regard, began to look upon Owen's wife as a stranger who could not share in any of their pursuits or enjoyments.

However, Katharine had her husband still; his love was unchanged. Hers had been gained, not by outward beauty or dazzling talent, but, as the dear old song says, "his gentle manners won her heart;" and those "gentle manners," and that innate goodness of heart, could never alter in Owen Thornton. Some might have said that the young rector's wife was superior to himself: in some things perhaps she was; but the thought never entered Katharine's mind. Had it done so, she would have shrunk from it in fear and shame: for there is nothing so bitter to a wife's peace as to think meanly of him whom she ought to reverence with her whole soul. If all the world had seen Katharine's superiority to her husband, alas for her on the day when it should be discovered to her own eyes!

The honeymoon was over, but many long, sweet evenings—almost lover-like—did Owen and Katharine spend together in the pretty room which overlooked the sloping hill-side. The husband and wife were still lingering in the shadow of the romance of courtship; and they loved to sit in autumn evenings and watch the brown and changing woods, and talk of the blue mountains and lakes, and wild, beautiful regions, where Owen had first met and wooed his Highland bride. One night the quick-coming twilight found them still here. Katharine had been talking to her husband of her own young days, long before she knew that such a person as Owen Thornton existed. These childish memories left a vague sadness behind; and when Owen brought her harp, and asked her to sing away all old thoughts, she sat down and poured forth her whole heart in the deep pathos of the ever-beautiful "Flowers of the Forest."

When she finished the last line, which seems to die away like the last sigh of nature's summer or of youth's hope—"The flowers o' the forest are a' wude away"—Katharine remained some moments silent. Her husband, too, did not speak. She turned towards him—Owen had fallen fast asleep during her beautiful song!

A sudden chill struck bitterly on Katharine's heart. She had felt so much, sung with such fervor, and all was lost upon Owen! Poor Katharine! she was disappointed, wounded. She did not think how many times her gentle husband had listened to songs which his own different associations made him feel far less than she did, and which he entered into solely from his love for her. She had forgotten, too, that he had ridden five-and-twenty miles that morning to administer baptism to a dying child, and to comfort the last moments of a poor widow. No wonder that he was wearied, and had sunk to sleep even in the midst of his wife's sweet music.

When Owen awoke, an hour after, there was no smile on Katharine's face to greet him, and a



slight pout sat on her lips, which made their beautiful curves more visible, but which gave to their very loveliness that expression of all others the most odious on a woman's face—mingled scorn and sullenness. Katharine's good angel had fled; but it was only for a time. In the silence of the night all this rose up against her, and floods of contrite tears washed away all the hardness and unkindness which had entered her heart.

Next morning, Katharine's loving care seemed determined to make amends for the unexplained and unconfessed error into which she had fallen. Owen's chair was placed close to the bright fire, which had made the misty autumn morning seem cheerful; his favorite flowers, yet wet from the dew whence Katharine's hand had gathered them, were beside him; the breakfast which he liked best was provided; and Katharine, fresh and rosy as the morning itself, sat behind the ever-musical urn awaiting her husband.

Owen came in with an open letter in his hand. It was from his mother, asking them to one of her old-fashioned dinner-parties. Owen was all cheerfulness; he was always pleased to go over to the hall—almost too much so his wife thought sometimes.

"My mother complains that they have not seen you so much of late, Katharine love," said Owen.

She looked rather confused. "It is certainly a good while since I went; but I have so many things to keep me at home; and then the girls seldom come here; it is their fault too."

"Perhaps so. Well, we must go oftener, and to-morrow in particular; and you must make my mother happy by looking well and singing your best," said the husband gaily.

Katharine felt anything but willing; but the mention of singing reminded her of her sins against poor Owen the evening before, and she knew atonement was needed. So she assented cheerfully, and they went together to the hall the day following.

Mrs. Thornton's was one of those formal entertainments so uninteresting to a stranger, when neighbors meet and discuss the public and private affairs of the country. All this was very dull to Katharine; but she looked across the table to Owen's happy face as he talked to an old college friend; and she bore bravely with her own prosy neighbor, and strove with all her heart to take an interest in names, and persons, and places, of which she had never heard before. Florence, too, was merry, for she had her betrothed husband at her side; and Elizabeth Thornton's rare smile fitted more than once over her mild features as she talked to one who sat next her—a sweet-looking woman, whose pale golden hair, and delicate, almost transparent complexion, made her seem scarcely out of girlhood, though she was in reality about twenty-five.

When the dinner was over, and Katharine sat with Florence in a little recess in the drawing-room window, out of hearing of the rest, she could not resist inquiring about the stranger who had attracted her so much.

"Do you really not know who she is?" said Florence, surprised. "Did my brother never speak of Mary Wynn?"

"No indeed; is that her name?"

"Yes; she was Owen's first love."

An uneasy sensation made the young wife start, and look fixedly at "Owen's first love;" but then she laughed, and asked Florence to tell her more.

"I hardly know if I ought," said the mischief-

loving girl. "It is years ago; Owen was very young; and I do not suppose he long remembered her, though he certainly loved her at the time; but," added Florence gravely, "I know how much she loved him, and how deeply she suffered; for she was, and is, my dearest friend. However, she may have forgotten him now. She seemed pleased to see you, and speaks cheerfully to Owen. Poor Mary! I hope she has forgotten her 'first love,' as he has her."

No more was said about Mary Wynn, but Katharine became thoughtful and silent; not that she doubted Owen's strong affection for herself, but no woman ever really likes to hear that her husband once had a "first love." And yet Florence was right; Owen had entirely forgotten his boyish flame. It is seldom that such endure; and perhaps it is well; for the silvery veil of romance and fancy which enshrouds man's first idol, would infallibly, when removed, leave an image far below this ideal standard of perfection. Nevertheless, Katharine, full of the happy fulfilment of her own young love, felt much more than perhaps Mary Wynn did herself. Had she known how much deeper and stronger is the love of the man than of the boy, of the woman than of the romantic girl, Katharine would not have so closely watched her husband and Mary Wynn, nor have returned home with such a weight on her heart.

Mary Wynn left the hall, went home, and was forgotten; but still her visit had left a painful impression on Owen's wife. Katharine thought that much of Florence's distaste to herself—aversion it could hardly be called—arose from her strong love and sympathy for Mary Wynn. Day by day the bond between Katharine Thornton and her sisters-in-law was gradually loosening; and her quick eyes were ever discovering failings, and her mind becoming more alive to unworthy suspicions. Florence's mirth-loving nature was to her full of bitter sarcasm; Elizabeth's gentle gravity, which had interested her so much, appeared only the hypocrisy of self-assumed goodness; and Agnes' indolence was insupportable. Katharine fancied they tried to make her husband love her less; and even Owen felt the results of her harsh doubts in her changed manner and anxious looks. Husband and wife loved one another still; but the perfect sunshine of all-hallowing, all-forgiving love was gone; and what trifles, what mere shadows, had done this!

In her unhappiness, Katharine's mind turned regretfully to her old Scottish home, and lingered sinfully on many former joys. At last her overburdened heart would find vent; she told all the doubts and troubles of her wedded life to an old and dear friend—the wife of her former guardian. In this Katharine was wrong, very wrong. Such trials, even when they amount to real griefs, should be hidden in the depths of the heart; no eye should see them—no ear should hear them. True, of her husband himself—the kind, good-principled, affectionate Owen—Katharine had nought to complain; and of his family, the very knowledge that they were *his* should have sealed her lips.

Fortunately for Katharine, her friend, Mrs. Lindsay, was wise as well as kind; and candid, although gentle, was the reproof she gave to the young wife.

"You are young, and I am old," she wrote, "therefore, Katharine, listen to me with patience. You tell me how much you are tried—ask of your own heart, have you been entirely in the right? Is there in you no discontent—no readiness to coun-

pare old things with new—no suspicious quickness in detecting slight failings, that, perchance, would best be passed over with a loving blindness! Katharine, you came a stranger to your husband's home—your sole resting-place was in his affection; having thus trusted him, you should strive to love what he loves, think as he thinks, see as he sees. All that are his are yours. When you married, his ties became your own, and you should regard and love them as such; not with jealous comparison, not with eyes eager to detect faults, but with the loving forbearance that is needful in a family bound together for life. And as for their want of love—if they see that you feel as one of them, which indeed you are; that to a certain degree you 'forget your own people, and your father's house,' to enter into their plans, and hopes, and sympathies; and, above all, that you are bent on conquering any slight obstacles to mutual affection—if they see all this, they will soon love you as your heart could wish. And, my Katharine, make no fancied sorrows for yourself. You are a beloved and happy wife—thank God each day for that blessing, so rare to many. Look not for perfection—it is not to be found on earth; but forget the past, and go on in your loving, patient, and hopeful way; it will surely lead to happiness at last."

Mrs. Lindsay's words sank deeply into Katharine Thornton's heart. But ere she had time to guide her conduct by their wise counsel, sickness, that harsh and fearful, yet often kindly monitor, came to her. Thus it happened: Katharine was a wild and fearless rider, and one sad day her high-mettled horse took fright, nor stopped until its burthen was thrown senseless at her husband's own gate. Many days she lingered between life and death, and when reason and consciousness returned, Katharine learned that her constant and unwearied attendants had been the grave, cold-hearted Elizabeth, and the mirthful and often thoughtless Florence!

"How little I knew them—how deeply I misjudged them!" thought the repentant Katharine. But still she did not know, and it was well that she did not, that the untiring care of the two sisters had sprung at first more from duty than inclination—that Elizabeth's shy and seldom-roused disposition, and Florence's remembrance of old prejudices, had struggled long with their natural kindness of heart. Rare, very rare, in real life, is a character even distantly approaching to perfection—the angel nature after which we all unconsciously seek—else why do we love so much those delineations of human goodness that abound in fiction? Most needful is it to bear and forbear; ever seeking to behold the sunny spots in the nature of all around us; and there are none of the sons and daughters of man—of man made in the image of God—in whom some trace of that divine image does not linger still.

Katharine arose from her sick-bed, having learned much. In many a long hour, when she lay in the quiet silence that was necessarily imposed upon her, her thoughts were busy. Owen's image rose up before her, not as the adoring, enthusiastic lover, who submitted delightedly to all her fancies, and from whom she expected unwearied sympathy of thought and feeling, but as he was now, and would be more as they grew older—a helpmate not free from faults, but still most loveable, and worthy of the strongest trust and affection, with whom she was to pass through—not an enchanted valley of bliss, but a world in which there were sorrows to

be borne, and cares to be overcome, and joys to be shared together.

Then Katharine would lie watching the lithe figure of her sister as she flitted about the room, until her growing love cast a charm even over Florence's outward attractions; and the invalid thought how very sweet her smile was, and what a pleasant voice she had when she came to the bedside to whisper the few words that were allowed to pass between them. She gratefully remembered, too, that Florence had left the society of her lover, and deprived herself of many amusements, to share with Elizabeth the care of a sick-room, and Katharine began to hope that her sister really loved her a little, and would love her more in time.

As Katharine grew stronger, this "late autumn spring" of affection in the hearts of the sisters still withered not, but rather gathered strength. No explanations were given or asked. Such are often very ill-judged, and evil in their effect. The new bud of love will not bear much handling. A silent hand-pressure, an affectionate smile, were all that marked the reconciliation. Katharine suffered no misgivings or seeming obstacles to hinder her in the path on which she had determined.

One evening the invalid lay resting, half asleep, in her arm-chair. Elizabeth and Florence were with her; and after a long silence, supposing her asleep, they began to talk in low tones. Their voices broke through Katharine's dream; but they could not see her for the twilight, and it was some time before her roused faculties could distinguish what they talked about.

Elizabeth was saying, "How very beautiful Katharine looked to-day; I thought Owen would never gaze enough at her."

"Yes," said Florence; "and I think her illness has improved her beauty. She does not look half so proud. Do you know, Elizabeth, that once I thought her anything but handsome, and wondered that Owen could have chosen her after beautiful, gentle Mary Wynn."

"Ah, that was because you did not like Katharine. You were hardly just to her," observed the mild Elizabeth.

"Yet I really had no positive dislike to her; but she had such strange ways, and seemed to think herself so different from us."

"Yet mamma loved her from the first."

"Yes, and so do I now, and you too, and all of us. But she seems so changed, so gentle and affectionate; I begin to think it possible to love one's brother's wife after all," said the gay Florence, giving way to a cheerful laugh, which she immediately checked, lest it should disturb her sister's slumbers.

But Katharine had heard enough to break her repose, though deep pleasure mingled with the slight pain which Florence's unconscious reminiscences had given her. It is so sweet to be loved; and after a prejudice conquered, that love delayed comes sweeter than ever.

Owen's entrance formed a glad relief and pretext for the termination of Katharine's sleep and Florence's revelations; and now her sister's-recovering health enabled the latter to leave her. That night Florence was sent for to return home, and Owen came to deliver the tidings. Elizabeth, at Katharine's entreaty, remained; but Florence was imperiously demanded at home, and must depart. So, after a short delay, she was ready, and came to bid adieu to the invalid. It was not for

long; but still it was the first time they had been parted since Florence had come, in horror and dismay, to her insensible sister's couch. Katharine rose feebly in her chair, and weeping, threw herself on Florence's bosom.

"Thank you, and bless you, dear girl, for all your care of me," was all she could articulate.

"Nonsense!" cried Florence cheerfully, trying to withstand the unusual moistness in her own eyes. "Do not quite overwhelm me, Katharine; I did nothing but what I ought, and what I liked too."

"And you do love me now, Florence—a little!" whispered Katharine as her sister hung over her.

Florence's warm and kindly nature now entirely predominated. "Yes, indeed I do, with all my heart," she cried with affectionate energy, as she folded both her arms round Katharine, and kissed her repeatedly.

"Come, come; all this embracing will be quite too much for Katharine," said the husband, coming forward with a smile, and carrying away his sister to the door, whither Elizabeth followed her. Owen came and sat by his wife's side, and the invalid rested her head on his shoulder, while they talked with full hearts of her happy recovery.

"Florence is a sweet girl, is she not?" said Owen after a pause.

This time no feeling of jealousy crossed the young wife's mind. "Indeed, she is," Katharine answered; "and I love her very much."

"I thought you would in time, Katharine."

She did not immediately answer, and then her voice trembled as she said, "Owen, dear, I have not been all good; I have been wrong in many things; I have made too much trouble for myself out of slight vexations."

Owen stopped her. "Now, love, I will have no more confessions! Your husband loves you, and you are all good in his eyes now."

"And always will be, if the determination can make me so. And when we are old married people"—a curious twitch came over Owen's mouth as his wife said this—"when we are old married people, we shall be all the wiser, at least I shall, for remembering these minor trials of our youth."

From Chambers' Journal.

"THE GASTRONOMIC REGENERATOR."

THREE years ago, (No. 602, first series,) we presented an account of a visit to the Reform Club-house, well known as one of the lions of the metropolis, and deserving of attention as possessing perhaps the most complete culinary establishment in the kingdom. Everything is there done which science and experience can suggest for the preparation of food, not only as respects taste, but economy—an economy in material which permits nothing to be lost, economy in time, fuel, and space. The presiding genius of the place, as then mentioned, was M. Soyer, a Frenchman by birth, an Englishman by marriage and length of residence amongst us. "Monsieur," said we on that occasion, "why don't you write a book *de l'art du cuisinier*? You should tell the world all about this wonderful kitchen, and how you prepare these great quantities of nice dishes, the very smell of which might almost serve for a dinner." A bow from the prince of cooks prefaced the explanatory reply, that he was actually busy with a book which should leave nothing untold as to his art, or the *cuisine* of which he had the superintendence.

We heard no more of M. Soyer till a few days ago, when his promised work fell accidentally under

our notice.\* Never till now, we think, has the world been favored with such a mass of information on the methods of preparing food. Monsieur makes little pretension to authorcraft, and we fear there is not a witticism in the whole of his seven hundred pages. His business, however, is not to make jokes, but to make dishes. Although his volume may not compete with such works of humor as that of Kitchener, it will, we believe, be allowed to stand unrivalled for the comprehensiveness and variety of its directions on what is the undisguised profession and purpose of the writer. The greater part of the book is devoted to the preparing of French dishes, a species of cookery which, with all deference to John Bull prejudices, we must pronounce very far in advance of that of England, inasmuch as it has economy for its basis, and effects a charming variety of edibles out of what our everyday cookery literally throws away or blows into the atmosphere. The peculiarity of French cookery is the excellence of the stews and boils; in either case much is made of vegetable substances, and a relish imparted which could not be attained by the separate vegetable preparations of the English. We have been amused, in looking over M. Soyer's book, to observe the resemblance between the cookery of certain French and Scotch dishes. Anything like an improved cookery was introduced into Scotland from France three or four centuries ago, and some of our present dishes are only descendants of this ancestry. Cock-a-leeky, hothepotch, and that great national standard, *kail*, are unquestionably French, and bear a close relationship to the modern *pot-au-feu*. Modern did we say? The *pot-au-feu*, for anything we or M. Soyer can tell, may be as old as the French monarchy—may have been a bequest of the Gauls, and tickled the nostrils and palates of the Roman legions.

On *pot-au-feu*, M. Soyer, as a good Frenchman, so far as the dignity of his art is concerned, dilates with national loquacity. He is even anecdotic on *pot-au-feu*, and by way of giving our readers a notion of his style, as well as of what this thing *pot-au-feu* really is, we present them with the following narration:—

"FRENCH POT-AU-FEU.—Out of this earthen pot comes the favorite soup and bouilli which has been everlastingly famed as having been the support of several generations of all classes of society in France; from the opulent to the poorest individuals, all pay tribute to its excellence and worth. In fact this soup and bouilli is to the French what the roast-beef and plum-pudding is on a Sunday to the English. No dinner in France is served without soup, and no good soup is supposed to be made without the *pot-au-feu*. Generally every quarter of a century makes a total alteration in fashions and politics, need I say also in cookery, which must be approximated not only to the fashion, but more strongly so to the political world, humbly bending its indispensable services to the whims and wishes of crowned heads, which invariably lead the multitude. For example, the bills of fare of the sumptuous dinners which used to grace the tables of Louis XIV., XVI., and XVIII. of France, were all very different to each other, and none of them were ever copied to grace the sumptuous and luxurious tables of the empire; even the very features of them have undergone an entire change in our own days. Every culinary invention taking its title and

\* The Gastronomic Regenerator, a Simplified and Entirely New System of Cookery. By M. A. Soyer. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1846.



origin from some celebrated personage or extraordinary event, every innovation in cookery, like a change in fashion, causing us to forget those dishes which they have superseded. I have no doubt but that if some correct historian could collect the bills of fare of dinners from various centuries and nations which crowned heads have partaken of, he might write a very interesting volume under the title of *History of Cookery*, in which we should be able closely to trace the original history of different countries.\* Nothing can stamp the anniversary of any great event so well as a sumptuous banquet; peace, war, politics, and even religion, has always been the cause of extraordinary, and sometimes monstrous gastronomic meetings, for a proof of which my readers will find, at the end of this work, a correct bill of fare (found in the Tower of London) of a dinner given by the Earl of Warwick at the installation of an archbishop of York in the year 1470. Everything seems to prove to us that it has always performed an important part in political events, and has been exposed to as many alterations; still, amongst so many changes, it is with a national pleasure that I find, amongst the heap of frivolous culinary ruins, an old favorite of our great-grandfathers still remaining ours; having boldly passed through every storm, it has forever established its culinary power upon our changeable soil. The brown cheek of this demi-immortal is daily seen ornamenting the firesides of millions, and merely acquaints the children the first thing in the morning that something good is in preparation for their dinner.

"This mighty vessel is called in French *pot-au-feu*,† in which is made that excellent and wholesome luxury which for centuries has been the principal nourishment and support of the middling and poorer classes of France at a very trifling expense. It is not upon the tables of the wealthy that the best of this national soup is to be obtained, but upon the right or left side of the entrance to his noble mansion, in a square, oval, or octagonal room, commonly called *la loge du portier*, or the porter's lodge, as nearly every porter has his portière; that is, a wife who answers the door (whilst her husband is doing the frotage, or polishing the floor of the apartment.) While pulling the string or wire which loosens the lock to let people in with one hand, she skims the *pot-au-feu* with the other; should she be fortunate enough to possess two eyes, she would keep one upon her *pot-au-feu*, and the other upon the individual, who had probably come only to make inquiry. Unfortunately for *La Mère Binard*, she had but one eye, which she almost entirely devoted to the ebullition of her *pot-au-feu*. Having been portière two-and-thirty years, she knew most of the people in the habit of calling by their voice, and used to answer them even without turning her shaking head. One day her master, *M. le Comte de C—*, who was a good gentleman and great epicure, came home from a long ride while she was performing her humble duty of pouring the soup into the tureen; a triple knock came to the door, which immediately opened as by electricity, and in walked her beloved master, who came to the door of the lodge to pay his duties to his old and faithful servant, whilst an exhalation of the

most delicious fragrance perfumed the small apartment from the boiling *consomé*, which attracted his scientific attention. After a short inquiry, he discovered, in an old brown pan, the gloriously smoking-hot *consomé*, and seizing with avidity a spoon by the side, tasted, much to the astonishment of *La Mère Binard*, several spoonfuls—pronouncing the first delicious, the second excellent, the third delightful, in fact magnificent. 'Can you spare any of it?' he said, addressing the worthy dame. 'Yes,' said she; 'but I am sure monseigneur does not mean it.' 'But indeed I do,' replied he; 'and if I had been aware I could have obtained such a treasure, I would have had nothing else for my dinner to-day; and if you were not so far advanced in years, I would not object to make you a *cordon bleu*.' The earthen pan was immediately conveyed up stairs to the dining-room, and deposited upon the table of the seigneurie, where an excellent dinner was waiting for himself and friends; but the immortal *pot-au-feu*, resting on a superb silver tray, with its handle half broken off, received the exclusive homage of the company, to the great annoyance of the cook, who had thus sacrificed the art he had displayed in dressing a most *recherché* dinner, and felt no small offence at the whim of his wealthy master, who had neglected his dinner to take *pot-luck* with his porter's wife.

"By a friendly introduction to *La Mère Binard*, I, with a great deal of supplication, obtained from her the following valuable receipt, having been obliged first to listen to the constant repetition of the above anecdote before she would explain it to me:—'I generally choose,' says she, 'a bit of the *gîte à la noir*, part of the aitch-bone, a piece of the rump, or a slice from the thickest part of the leg, weighing from four to five pounds, with sufficient fat attached, or adding a small piece; then I put it into the earthen pan, and fill with cold water to within two inches of the rim, being about four quarts; then I set it by my wood-fire until beginning to get hot, when a thin scum will arise by degrees, which I carefully take off, and throw away; then I add half a pound of beef liver, and a table-spoonful and a half of salt; it will produce more scum, which also carefully remove. Have ready prepared, well washed and clean, two middling-sized carrots cut in halves, then in four, two small pieces of parsnip, four turnips, two onions, with two cloves stuck in each, eight young leeks, or two old ones, a head of celery cut into pieces three inches in length; tie the leeks and celery into a bunch, and put altogether into the *pot-au-feu*; set it alone nearer the fire until it commences boiling; fresh skim again, draw it a little further to the corner of the fire, put a wooden skimmer across the pot, upon which rest the lid, to prevent its boiling fast—which would entirely spoil the soup, the meat becoming very hard, and the soup thick and muddy.' 'You quite astonish me, *Mrs. Binard*,' said I. 'Oh,' says she, 'I have had so many years of experience, and know it to be the case.' 'Yes,' said I; 'my dear lady, I do not in the least doubt your correctness.' 'Well, then, one hour afterwards I add a little cold water to keep it to the same quantity, put in a burnt onion to give it a color, and let it simmer four hours, sometimes five, depending if the meat is cut very thick; then I cut some large thin slices of bread, which I lay at the bottom of the tureen, then I take off the greater part of the fat, cut the bunch of celery and leeks open, lay them upon the slices of bread, with one of the carrots, two turnips, and the pieces of para-

\* Especially in France, where cookery was first cradled, and has ever since been well nursed.

† Being a brown earthen pot, which costs about sixpence or a shilling; and which, with care, would last twenty years; the more it is used, the better soup it makes.

rip; take half of the broth with a ladle, which pour into the tureen, there being quite enough soup for six of us—myself, Binard, my daughter and her husband, and the two boys; then I take out carefully the meat, which I lay upon the dish, with half of the liver at the side; the other half, when cold, I give to Minette (her favorite cat;) lay the remainder of the vegetables round, with some fine sprigs of fresh parsley; by that time the bread is (trempe) moistened; set both upon the table at once, keeping the meat covered until we have done with the soup. That is the way we dine upon a Sunday. The next day, with the remainder of the broth I make vermicelli or rice soup, or the same with bread in it, and fricassée the remainder of the beef in various ways. When my daughter was ill, I used to put a calf's foot in the pot-au-feu with the beef; it made the soup very strengthening, and did her much good.' 'Will you be kind enough,' said I, 'to tell me where you get these burnt onions, for I perceive without it your soup would be quite white?' 'Bless you, sir!' she replied, 'you may get six for two sous at any of the grocers, or you can burn them yourself in the oven, or by the fire-side, gently turning them now and then until they are quite black, but not burnt to a cinder, or it would spoil the flavor of the soup.' I then took leave of her, returning thanks for her kindness, and put down the receipt as she gave it me during her long explanation, as follows:—RECIPT.—Put in the pot-au-feu six pounds of beef, four quarts of water; set near the fire, skim; when nearly boiling, add a spoonful and a half of salt, half a pound of liver, two carrots, four turnips, eight young or two old leeks, one head of celery, two onions, and one burnt, with a clove in each, and a piece of parsnip; skim again, and let simmer four or five hours, adding a little cold water now and then; take off part of the fat, put slices of bread into the tureen, lay half the vegetables over, and half the broth, and serve the meat separate, with the vegetables around. Since I have been in England I have broken my precious earthen pot; I have, however, made some very good soups at home in a black saucepan or stewpan, but must admit not quite so delicate and perfect as in the identical *pot de terre*."

By way of testing the correctness of M. Soyer's description, we have had *pot-au-feu* made according to his directions, and found it all that a *gourmet*, or even a *gourmand*, could reasonably desire.

#### THE GEOLOGIST'S WIFE

TO HER HUSBAND SETTING OFF UPON AN EXCURSION.

ADIEU then, my dear, to the Highlands you go,  
Geology calls you, you must not say no:  
Alone in your absence I cannot but mourn,  
And yet it were selfish to wish your return.

No, come not until you have searched through the  
gneiss,  
And marked all the smoothings produced by the  
ice;

O'er granite-filled chinks felt Huttonian joy,  
And measured the parallel roads of Glenroy.

Yet still, as from mountain to mountain you stride,  
In visions I'll walk like a shade by your side;  
Your bag and your hammer I'll carry with glee,  
And climb the raised beaches, my own love, with  
thee.

Me, too, you'll remember, for love claims no less,  
And all your proceedings a fondness confess;  
Each level you take, be it not from the sea,  
But above the dear place where your Susan may be.

Let everything mind you of tender relations—  
See, even the hard rocks have *their* inclinations!  
Oh, let me believe that, wherever you roam,  
The axis of *yours* can be nowhere but—home!

Suppose that you find on the mountains of Lorn,  
A boulder that long since from Nevis was torn.  
'T will seem like that fond one who left his own  
shore,

"Perhaps to return to Lochaber no more."

And if, in your wanderings, you chance to be led  
To Ross-shire or Moray, to see the Old Red,  
Oh still, as its mail-covered fishes you view,  
Remember the color is love's proper hue.

Such being your feelings, I'll care not although  
You're gone from my side—for a fortnight or so;  
But know, if much longer you leave me alone,  
You may find, coming back you have two wives of  
stone!

THE TELESCOPE AND MICROSCOPE.—While the telescope enables us to see a system in every star, the microscope unfolds to us a world in every atom. The one instructs us that this mighty globe, with the whole burthen of its people and its countries, is but a grain of sand in the vast field of immensity—the other, that every atom may harbor the tribes and families of a busy population. The one shows us the insignificance of the world we inhabit—the other redeems it from all its insignificance, for it tells us that in the leaves of every forest, in the flowers of every garden, in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the stars of the firmament. The one suggests to us that above and beyond all that is visible to man, there may be regions of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe—the other, that within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man is able to explore, there may be a world of invisible beings; and that, could we draw aside the mysterious veil which shrouds it from our senses, we might behold a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy can unfold—a universe within the compass of a point, so small, as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but where the Almighty Ruler of all things finds room for the exercise of his attributes, where he can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with evidences of his glory.—*Dr Chalmers*.

I HOLD it a greater injury to be over-valued than under. For when they both shall come to the touch, the one shall rise with praise, while the other shall decline with shame. The first hath more uncertain honor, but less safety; the latter is humbly secure; and what is wanting in renown is made up in a better blessing, quiet. There is no detraction worse than to over-praise a man, for, whilst his worth comes short of what report doth speak him, his own actions are ever giving the lie to his honor.—*Felt-ham's Resolves*.

I MUST repeat to you an opinion I have long held, that no man had ever more than one conception. Milton emptied his mind in the first part of *Paradise Lost*; all the rest is transcript of self. The *Odyssey* is a repetition of the *Iliad*. When you have seen one Claude, you have seen all. I can think of no exception but Shakspeare; he is always varied, never mannered.—*Archdeacon Fisher*.

From Chambers' Journal.

A YARN OVER THE CAPSTAN, IN THE SECOND  
DOG-WATCH.

—“As a stately deck  
Which to and fro the mariner is used  
To tread for pastime; talking with his mates,  
Or haply thinking of far distant friends,  
While the ship glides before a steady breeze.”  
Wordsworth.

THE first few days of an outward-bound voyage, as everybody knows who has seen blue water, are always detestable, both to sailor and landsman. The disagreeable circumstances are of various kinds—from the lowest physical discomforts, up to the most incommunicable disturbances of feeling. If you are so much accustomed to the undulatory system of things as not to be sick in body, you are at least sick at heart, and that is the harder of the two to bear. I should say sea-sickness is the grand reconciler for this inner repugnance to an element so foreign to our nature. One comes up so exhilarated from a close berth and its accompaniments to the fresh, sharp sea-breeze, that he is prepared to take everything cheerfully, and already thinks of home and home matters at thought's length, though affording food for many a mood of quiet recollection under the shadow of a sail by the bulwarks, or set to music by the water rippling past his bed at night. Otherwise, a thousand feelings, shaken, uprooted, and set loose, have room to dash together, not having got, as it were, their sea-fastenings on; what you would have, behind or before—between wishing to be back again by the fireside, amongst that friendly circle, looking out at those green trees, and feeling, on the other hand, that it was necessary to go where your only way of life lies onward—you do not know. The discipline has all to be gone through consciously, which that aforesaid gross nausea would have concealed. It takes some time to make one throw off the weakness, and look with straightforward manliness at the business in hand, getting into the bold free character of winds, waves, and clouds.

Officers and crew, too, after a ruder fashion, and less sentimentally, do not find themselves at all at home till towards the end of the first week. You can get little out of them in the way of information or encouragement as long as the former are getting the ship in hand, and the latter have not fallen into each other's habits. For the above-mentioned space of time, the captain, except at meals, is scarcely seen out of his state-room, and does not appear on deck—although what he is doing but keeping out of the confusion it is hard to conceive. The mate is not conversable until he has got the great atrocities of dock and harbor corrected, and their eye-sores somewhat obliterated, by innumerable fine touches, such as a first-mate only can administer. Peering with head aside from bowsprit, stern-boat, maintop, and every possible vantage-point, he has shrouds to bring taut, backstays to set up, masts to get in a line, concessions to the land to be retracted in the shape of sundry coverings and uncoverings; while his subordinates bluster after him, and the merits of the several hands are elicited in this bustling toilet of the ocean beauty, as if she were watched by some secret Presence, or were about to enter on an assembly of old Tritons, and the waste of waters were not growing more and more desolate around her. Meanwhile water-casks are not yet lowered into the hold, spars and booms are in the gangways, long serpent-like bundles of sails are across the deck, the ex-

tempore arrangements of departure still subsist, and every now and then, with a lurch of the vessel, some unfastened piece of nautical furniture trundles over to leeward. Till this state of things has subsided, and got into a degree of order, one has no idea of the placid alternation of a ship's routine; watch is confounded with watch, and there is not a leisure hour for man or boy, nor any time when a passenger does not seem to be in the way; a piece of land-lumber he seems to mate and foremast-man, which no fastening can give steadfastness to, as he makes his advance to leeward by successive clutches of rope and skylight.

Gradually, however, all settles down into tranquil harmony—the obstacles are cleared away into their various receptacles, watch and watch is set, the anchors are got in, and the chain-cables stowed, that most vivid realization of being fully at sea! When you come upon deck, the sky first bursts calmly overhead, then the broad heaving ocean round; the large white sails, sheet beyond sheet drawn downwards, are full of quiet wind, a faint motion now and then stirring their stately bosoms, the ropes and reef-points lying on them silently, and their long seams and quaint fresh-colored patches are picturesque as the touches of the woods. Compared with her look in the docks—bare, furled, and rigid—the moving ship is as a shadowy, rustling summer tree to its wintry skeleton. The mate is looking up aloft, while at their separate occupations above and under, up on a solitary yard, or far out on the bowsprit, the sailors are pursuing tasks more genial than those of laborers in the field, mowing in the hot meadow or following the dusty plough. While one passes the ball of spun-yarn round the rope for the other's instrument, remote from hearing, what hints of wondrous things, so lightly seen, do pass between them. The two have come together from all regions of the globe, and will part again after this voyage, yet how coolly do they exchange their confidence, as it were by accident, glancing now and then on the smooth horizon for a speck upon it, the only object that could touch their indifference! The man at the wheel, now eyeing the compass, now the trembling corner of a royal through the round-house opening, looks contemplative as a sage. There is no time nor place more favorable to pure thought than are a voyage and a ship's weather bulwarks at sea. The foundations of one's opinions, nay, of his character, may naturally undergo a thorough revision; all tends to grow clearer, purer, deeper, and freer too. Then how tenderly and completely do affections, remembrances, afflictions, arrange themselves in that tranquil, spiritual medium, in that resignation of all actual possession; and we measure and try everything as by a water-balance—the standard of just and equal! It is somewhat difficult to say whether seafaring men do acquire from circumstances, confessedly more thoughtful and solemn than those of worldly life, the cast of mind to be expected; for of all men, a sailor is the farthest from sentiment or consciousness of anything extraordinary in his experience, as well as the quietest and most difficult to compare with others. But those very peculiarities imply superiority; manly energy and directness of view are the first to be developed in him; and if he reflects, it is a thing either kept secret, or revealed only to those who understand him, in a language of his own, in some quiet middle watch, or by the way, in some half-coined story, to the windlass-group of hearers. I believe that, in proportion to his education, the seaman is indeed greatly superior



to any other class of natural livers, and that nature in this element teaches both forcibly and by calm negotiations.

Somewhat similar to these were my musings on the ninth afternoon since leaving Bristol, as, with studding-sails set to a light breeze astern, the *Maria*, a small West Indiaman, in which I was the only passenger, kept on her course across the Atlantic; slightly rolling as a vessel does, more or less, with a fair wind. Fair white clouds were moving gently over the sky from east to west, and I fancied their peculiar delicacy and streaky shape already indicated our approach to a new climate. The level ocean-floor was unutterably blue around us, hardly rippling with the slight wind, but cool to look upon out of the hot sun, from the shadow of the towering fabric of sails to the quiet horizon, where not a speck appeared to break the spell of solitude. One can hardly believe, amidst the magic circle of the sea, that earth has any other shape save that which, indeed, is not even an outline, and is unapproachable. The glittering flying-fish, in showers, darted like swallows from one depth to another, or now and then a single one fell on board; otherwise, no living thing but ourselves was in sight. It was pleasanter to yield to the romance of the situation than to moralize; so, lighting an after-dinner cigar, I sat and dreamt, to the influence of its fumes, of verandahs open to the sea-breeze through large green palm-leaves, of aloe flowering against the Venetians, fields of sugar-cane, mountains rising from odoriferous woods, of graceful Creole ladies, and all tropical-breathing things, as well of those I had seen in another region. We were in the track of old Columbus, passing to a new world. I watched the men descending the shrouds from their several occupations, while the ship was beginning to assume the leisurely appearance of evening. The decks were cleared of their signs of work; the sailmaker and a boy, who had been busy near me, began to roll up the topsail they had been repairing, as four bells were struck from beside the wheel—six o'clock, commencement of the second dog-watch. At the galley fire the black cook was baling out the tea for the ship's company into their various tin pots, and a group of the crew, in their red or blue shirts and canvass trousers, were gathered about the windlass to their evening gossip; while the boys were sweeping the decks fore and aft of rope-yarns and shavings, and coiling up the stray ropes to the belaying-pins.

This second dog-watch, by the way, is the most pleasant, easy time in the routine of a ship's twenty-four hours. Unless the sails need to be trimmed, no one, even of the watch on duty, is required to do anything; it is the interval when sailors may despatch all their own little matters unmolested, join to speculate on the weather, or talk of whatever casts up. Before the mast, all is cheerfulness and quiet abandonment—rest, joke, supper, and smoking, behind the veil of a sanctuary not then to be intruded on by first mate or subordinate. On the quarter-deck, a like relaxation prevails then; before tea-time, in the quiet evenings, the mysterious captain is seen walking to windward, or smoking a cigar from that side of the capstan, while he chats with the mate, the others having disappeared to enjoy their privacy.\*

\*The two dog-watches are half the time of common watches—namely, two hours each, from four to six, and from six to eight; one half of the crew being permitted to go below in turn with the other, which they do ordinarily every four hours; and the steersman is changed.

On this same evening the captain of the *Maria*, with whom I had already got pretty well acquainted, emerged from the cabin companion soon after the bell had struck; and for the first time I found myself along with him and his first mate—a good-looking, fresh-colored young man, leaning on the capstan, disposed apparently for an easy conversation. The round flat top of that piece of naval furniture lay between us, covered with its green-painted canvas envelope—a table across which many more dialogues and professional anecdotes had been exchanged than over that down stairs. It has so confidential a look, and yet so business-like, that narrow circle of green canvass, and seems made to relax the strict forms of seafaring etiquette that are preserved apart from it, as much as to tighten the topsail halliards, when it swings round amidst the bars to the chant of the after-guard. Our captain was a hale, weather-worn, elderly man, with hair grayer than his years alone, as I found, would have made him; and as much like a respectable grave country practitioner who had ridden at all hours to see his patients, or a retired lieutenant who still talked to his neighbors of old sea matters, as he was like an acting merchant skipper. Save for his Manila straw-hat, you might even take him for a parson. However, be that as it may, we now gradually fell into a strain of dialogue which led to the worthy old man's relating to us a portion of his biography; not, as he remarked, for anything extraordinary in it, but merely by way of a capstan yarn of a fine night, when the dog-vane was making a parallel with the taffrail. The mate had never sailed in the *Maria* before, so that the recital was as new to him as to me.

"It's thirty-six years now," said the captain, "since I first went to sea; and the more I look back on it, the more I wonder why I went at all, or what port I shipped for at last. The truth is, we're every one of us steering in this life by a sort of compass which tells us what we need only by our wishes shifting from it; as for the chart, that's in the Master's hands, and He gives us the course, a point at a time. There's one book I'm very fond of myself, amongst the few I have below there—it's 'the Pilgrim's Progress;' but I've thought, often as I've read it over, some one that knows the sea should write another like it, only more proper to sailors, and call it 'the Mariner's Progress.' Here I am, at last, fifty-two, and old for my years: the forty voyages or so of various kinds I've made seem like one long one, in which I've touched land, no doubt, but a strange one, and begin to weary for the same I left. I do think at times, now, I feel the air more homelike, although they haven't yet hailed land from the mast-head; and I've sought latterly to get the anchor out, and see all clear, as well as painting the vessel, before coming into harbor. How it is I don't certainly know, that one should be coming back when he has seemingly been sailing all the while straight on, further and further away; and so painful as it is to think that the old happiness of home is gone forever from the earth, unless it be that the world's round, and one may come into port without ever once wearing about.

"When I was a boy, I can't say I had any particular fancy for the sea. Many take up the notion out of books, and keep a hold of it in spite of all that can be said or done, thinking of the adventures they have read about, or longing to see foreign countries, and something out of the common way. For my part I didn't read much, nor did I ever set any object before my mind more than another.

The thing was in me; a sort of restlessness that kept me from settling to one occupation, led me into mischief. I could n't help it, it appeared to me; for even after I had vowed to keep clear of scrapes in future, when my spirits rose again, I found myself in the middle of another before I knew it. Far from troubling my head about the sea and ships for the romance of them, I ordinarily cared not a straw for the particular scheme of amusement in hand, for it seemed only to rise like a natural vent to the wild pleasure of standing and feeling life. I never lived long enough on land to experience the admiration for scenery I have read of; but I do believe now, that many a time, as we were breaking into some orchard at night for the fruit, even while I scrambled over the pales after my companions, there shot into my heart a secret feeling of the beauty of the trees and grass covered with dew, or the harvest corn-fields out beyond; since I sometimes start at such recollections, and seem at that very period to have had delight in the things, and they waiting all this while to be reflected on, as it were the echo of one's voice after he had given up expecting it. I fancy boys and common folks have the same pleasure in natural things as writers and poets, only they take a round-about way to come at it, and see them more beautiful when they are doing something else.

"The place we lived in was a little country town, where my father lived independent, although he farmed some acres of ground; and our house stood on the outskirts of the town, looking out over a front flower-plot to the street, and beyond to the open country. My father was the least of all characters likely to guide me right; he was a stern man, and hated anything of wild spirits; he was upright and religious withal, but his religion was too formal, and he did not make it come down to children. The smallest prank was rated as a crime; and my mother, a mild, gentle woman, would not interfere to make his authority less, although herself she treated us far otherwise, and my worst grief has been that I minded her precepts too little. The consequence of my father's sternness was, that my younger brother and I feared him, and made all our plans of enjoyment secret as much as we could, which was a habit that led us further astray than if we had been allowed to be open. I, however, was the worst, chiefly in wild tricks of mischief with my school-fellows; for Ned was a year younger, and naturally less boisterous, and he often stayed to play with our little sister when I was heading the band to plunder an orchard or destroy some of the neighbors' cats, if nothing less innocent was preferable. An elder brother, by a previous marriage on my father's side, was grown up, and engaged in business; he was the most disagreeable of the family, being of a tyrannical disposition, without my father's uprightness; and I even hated him at that time, while fearing him as much; for if the least provoked, he did not let the difference of age prevent him from using me as ill as I believe my father had done him when he was the only boy. This state of things was not quite so bad when I was near fifteen, and had been at school a year or two, where I learnt some Latin and Greek, and used even to read pieces of Homer, and I had begun to sober down a little. But at that age I was articled to an attorney in the place for three years, and soon began to tire most thoroughly of copying deeds and law-papers at a high desk all day, and to wish for some other course of life.

There was another lad of my own age in the office, with whom I got intimate, and he being of as frolicsome a turn as myself, we contrived, every way we could, to make the burden light. We were fond of shooting, and he and Ned and I frequently of a Saturday afternoon went out together to enjoy the sport. As my father allowed us no money to ourselves, however, in connexion with this amusement, we were put to great shifts for obtaining materials; and although our mother often supplied us with small sums, we, along with our companion, gradually got into considerable debt, which we had no means of paying. The shopkeeper having threatened to send in our share of the account to my father, we were in great terror; but it only hastened our carrying out the plan of running away from our apprenticeship, which my companion and I had several times started, with no purpose I know of but just to escape. The situation was growing irksome enough to us, though we had always put off our scheme, since it could be managed at any time, till this circumstance capped matters. We contrived to raise a few shillings between us, and appointed the day, fixing to leave early in the morning, and give ourselves a safe start. We had a good deal of work to persuade my brother Ned, poor little fellow, to join us; but at last he yielded, for he was terribly afraid of the discovery by my father, and maybe more of the disgrace in his mother's eyes, of whom he was very fond, as she made him a favorite. That night I thought my father was much kinder than ordinary; he was in a good-humor, and had promised to take us all a jaunt next day; and though this made it more disagreeable to think of his anger, I own it cost me a sore struggle to bid him good-night when we went out of the parlor to bed. If he had spoken another word, or only looked at me, I would have told him all; but he was looking down at the newspaper, and somehow I did n't like the thought of seeing him look up and say, 'What is it?' I never saw him again.

"The light was just breaking over the woods as Ned and I stole out at the front door in the morning to meet our friend at the corner of a lane which led into the high road. I glanced up at the windows to see if anybody would notice us when we should get into the street; but not a soul was stirring, and the white blind of my father and mother's bedroom was down. My heart smote me at taking advantage of their sleep; but I plumed myself on never going back from what I had begun, and I cheered Ned in whispers as we hastened down the street. I cannot remember looking back again, yet the house is before me now, and often has been; although, when I came back there three years after, there was a new canal made right through where it stood, and across the little green garden. I think I see it, standing so still and gray in the dawn, with all its window-blinds down, and the flowers within the rails drooping with dew, and the edges of the fruit-trees behind stretched over the garden hedge above the field, without moving a leaf. I little knew or cared what I was leaving it for; but I daresay, if I had thought it was for a brig's fore-castle, the bare sea, and such tyranny as one could not conceive till he knew it, I should have turned round in time, and slipped up stairs with Ned into bed again, come what would. However, it's no use talking; here I am, no doubt; and I'm more certain than I was then as to a wiser head than mine that's working the traverses, and

making the course, though I can't see Him. The log shows a good deal of lee-way, but a skillful navigator knows how to meet that too. Mr. Adams," said the captain here, in a different tone, "I think this wind's shifting a point already; you'd better get those lower stunsails in, and take in the slack of your starboard braces." The dog-vane on the taffrail was evidently slanting a little inboard, and the lower sails fluttered on their one edge; so the mate left us to alter their trim, the captain of course pausing in his narrative till that duty should have been performed. "Haul down the lower stunsails," called out the former to the group on the forecastle; and in a few moments those large dark sheets of canvass were coming flapping in from the booms. "Brace round the foreyard," said the mate, "and lie aft here, the larboard watch, to trim sails. Take a pull there on the starboard main-brace." In a short time all was right, and we were together at the capstan again; while the lamp in the binnacle was lighted, casting upward a warm glow on the steersman's rough face, as he kept the vessel a point away from "sou'-west-by-south," in his silent communion with the mysterious pole and its magical witness. The azure vault of heaven was deepening above into intense, unutterable blue, and a star or two had come forth imperceptibly into its empty amplitude. The men forward were already at their confabulation again by the windlass, and the captain resumed, leaving in thought the ocean for those scenes which were written secretly in his heart.

"Strangely enough," said he, "I remember all this far more clearly than I do last voyage; the first voyage I made, too, is as fresh to me, while most of what has befallen me since is as confused as a bundle of ropeyarns, and I could n't spin a story out of them that would hold together. I recollect, after we joined Tom Miles, my fellow-clerk, in the lane, we set off at a pace as if all the town would have been after us in an hour's time; and by seven o'clock or so we were in a new country altogether. We bought some bread and warm milk for breakfast, although we kept away from the towns, lest people might suspect we were runaways by our appearance; and by the afternoon, having got into the spirit of the thing, we were all three quite happy. Miles and I were determined never to go back, though we had no idea what we should take to; for if we did go back, we had a chance not only of being fixed to the desk, which was certain, but of jail to the bargain, for breaking indentures. As for Ned, we did not give him time to think of home; and he laughed and talked as much as either of us. At night, however, when we were beginning to think of seeking out some shed or other to make ourselves comfortable in, we got a fright which we did not expect. It turned out that we were not so far from home as we thought, and we were sauntering along the public road, forgetful of our former caution, in the dusk, when I caught a glimpse of a man on horseback talking to a woman at the door of a house we had passed at the turning. I am not sure why, but the fancy came into my head of its being my step-brother sent after us. I gave the hint to my two companions, and we immediately scrambled through the hedge, and ran along behind it into a plantation further on, where we concealed ourselves amongst the underwood. I could not stand the temptation to see him baffled though; so I crept near to the road, and looked through the fence just

as he came galloping up. Sure enough it was he, and I can't forget the expression of his features, as I saw them in the dusk against the sky, when he fixed on his hat firmer, and went flying past, as if he was to catch us next minute. I do believe he would have half-killed me, at least, in his passion; I being particularly hateful to him, I suppose, from my stubbornness when he dined over me. We waited a while, expecting him to come back when he found he had missed us; but he did not; and thinking the coast quite clear, we had nearly fallen into a trap. We were quietly walking past the little public-house at the corner again, when our own old house-dog leapt out on Ned, barking for joy, and jumping up about us. This would not have troubled us; but we were scarcely past when we heard a shout from the door, and saw one of our father's farm-servants, bareheaded, coming after us, full speed, followed by the landlord. We fled, the dog keeping up, and, as it was almost dusk, had little fear of distancing our pursuers, when we were stopped by a gate, over which the other two were climbing, when John, my father's man, seized hold of me, though too much out of breath to speak. I struggled, but it was of no use, when his companion came up and laid hold of me too. 'You may as well come, Mr. Tom,' said the ploughman. 'I won't—let me go,' said I, renewing my efforts as I thought of my comrades, whom I supposed to be far off by this time. 'You can't get off at any rate,' said he; 'your father's firm on working the devil out o' you; and he says you only want to go to sea to be a perfect 'un of a devil.' 'You'll never get me home,' I said; 'and I'll go to sea in spite of any one.'

"John laughed at this, and so did his companion the publican; and they had shouldered me half high, to carry me off bodily, when I got hold of the gate, and suddenly Miles, who had been behind the hedge all the while, and was a quick fellow, swung it open against their legs with all its force. The two men stumbled, and let me go, and I fell over, with the gate between. 'Run now, Tom,' cried Miles, and off we started again, the men after us; but as we were more than their match at running, and the field led down to a shadowy hollow, they gave it up at last. For another hour we struck onward, and across a common, till we reached an old barn standing in a field alone by the side of a brook, where we made a bed of fern, and lay down together as happy as if we had escaped a press-gang. How we enjoyed ourselves that night, talking over the adventure! We had turnips out of the field to eat, and some apples, with a piece of bread; and we delighted in the very shifts we were put to. We soon fell asleep; but I remember I awoke in the night, and saw the white sky through the open door glimmering low beyond a hill, and Ned was sleeping as quietly as he had done in our little bed at home, with his fair hair tangled in the pieces of fern. I could n't help thinking how his mother came in, before she went to her own room, to fasten the clothes about him, lest he should catch cold; and it smote me to the heart that I should be helping to lead him away, when she was perhaps at the very moment awake with anxiety about where he was. I was resolved to take the chance myself; indeed the apprenticeship to the lawyer could not be undone; but I fell asleep again, intending to ask Ned if he would go home. The bright morning and the cheerful country put it out of my head again, or, if I did think of it, I could n't make up my mind to part from Ned. As



long as no was with me, I felt myself at home still, for all that was best of it. So we went on in the same way for another day, winding through the sequestered by-paths, and coming out now and then at a farmhouse, where we got milk and bread for the asking, however surprised they looked at our wandering air. I noticed Ned rather duller as this second night drew on, but he said nothing. We took shelter in an open shed, where there were several carts put up, near a farmhouse, and found the straw and sacks more comfortable even than the fern. 'Tom,' said Miles to me, as we sat here eating our supper, and looking out at the late moonlight night, in which the country was spread far and wide, with a church-tower and some house-tops peeping over the trees—'Tom, d'ye think it was such a bad idea that of your going to sea? What do you say, shall we all three go and try our fortunes in that line? We'd sail together of course!' Ned looked up and smiled, as if he thought it a good joke, but he saw me grave enough. 'Tom,' he whispered at last, 'shan't we go home now? Father won't say any thing by this time, you know; and mother 'll be getting anxious.' 'I'm not going home at all,' I said, and Ned burst into tears. 'Tom Miles,' said I, 'my brother Ned must go back, either by himself, or I must go with him. Could you find your way alone, Ned, my boy, or not?' 'Oh yes, Tom,' answered he. 'Let me go to my mother—I hate the sea, and I know mother would break her heart to think of it. I don't mind going back myself, if you won't come too.' 'Then you shall, as soon as we wake in the morning,' said I; 'so let's go to sleep.'

"Many a time I have blessed God that it was so; when I've been up on the royal yard alone in a squall, and the sail thundering about my head, with the yard perhaps swinging loose, and I could not get the brace hauled taut from below, in a dark night, where the sea was one sheet of foam, and the wind went through one like a blade of ice. Poor little Ned's fair face would have pined whiter and whiter under a sailor's life, and his gentle heart would never have born up against hard usage and hard words; for the sea is n't the best school for pity, save that a man who did his duty well is missed. For my part, I was somewhat hardened by my father and my brother, and my nature was more obstinate. I never think of that parting without pain no words can tell. We went back two or three miles with Ned, gave him all our money but a shilling, and then bade him good-by at a sign-post; after which we struck out boldly for Plymouth, about twenty miles off. I may say it was a parting-place for all three. Ned grew to be a man, but I never saw him again save once, and should n't have known him; and now he's gone down into his grave before the time. Poor Tom Miles too!—it was a bad resolve for him; better had he gone back with Ned. We never parted, indeed, till his hour of death, but it was a bitter death to die without a word of 'God-speed,' and none to see it, though I was little further from him than I am from you two. He had no mother: it was well, or else the very thought of that moment, and the cruel months he had to go through before it under the treatment of a dog, would have been sufficient to turn his brain at once, I think.

"Well, we got safe to Plymouth that night, and went straight down to a sailor's tavern on one of the quays, where we paid out our last coin for a couple of pots of beer, and some biscuit and cheese. There we contrived to strike an acquaintance with

two seamen, Americans, as we found afterwards who said they would soon help us to a berth, as their skipper wanted two smart boys to live with him in the cabin, and take a spell now and then at the wheel. That was all, they informed us, which we should have to do; though we soon discovered the difference. The Yankee captain was a long, dark man, with thin lips and huge black whiskers, and an eye which I never saw equalled for devilish meaning, when he looked at you quietly if there was anything the matter. We were so ignorant, however, and anxious to ship, that we noticed nothing more than his fair speeches, and got on board that very night. His brig was laying outside, having put in for a day or two from Liverpool to get a new topmast, in place of one she had lost in the Channel. I shall never forget my feeling and Miles' face when we first saw the Yankee captain on the quarter-deck in the morning, with his shore-going clothes changed, and his land way altered to his salt-water one. The men were beginning to warp the vessel clear of her berth, and we were standing together uncertain what to do. His first words were, 'Now, then, you young whelps, see if you can't turn to and tail on to that line, or, by the powers, I'll give you your first taste of hemp-oil. I'm your man; I'll rasp your mother's shell off you; I'll haze you, and bring you down with a double-block purchase.' We both slunk forward, and took hold of the rope in terror; and if I ever had any fine notions about the sea, I may say that moment finished them. The whole of my life was clear to me at once; I saw what was coming; and, if I would have confessed it to myself, I wished I was even standing before my father, or perched on the high office-stool, so be that I had only a home at hand.

"We were soon standing down Channel with a spanking breeze, but we had not even time to look at the Lizard Point fading into the sky. Not a kind word had the captain for us now, though he plied them liberally to persuade us on ship-board. I daresay he was so much the worse for being forced to do that before we were in his power. We had got rough jackets and trousers, and some red shirts, for our own clothes, at a sloop-shop, and now we did our best to learn, and show the men we were willing, in order to make the easiest of it. At first they had treated us roughly enough, but as we fell into their ways they grew kinder; though, as we had been surprised to find, we had to do all their dirty jobs, bring their food, and obey them like slaves. We were comparatively happy, however, in the fore-castle. On deck our lives were miserable; the captain used us like dogs, and so did his mate, who followed him in all things; only he was, if anything, not so bad. The men themselves hated them both bitterly; but, whether because we were the only English hands, or just that we were boys, we were the chief objects of tyranny. Tom Miles, in particular, the captain seemed to wreak his malice on, although Tom never once answered him a word. He rope's-ended him several times because the binnacle lamp burnt ill, or went out, when it was the bad oil that was to blame; and he would keep him an hour aloft often after the watch was gone below at night, till he was like to drop from the yard for want of sleep. Miles and I were not on the same watch, and the captain hated to see us together; but when we did contrive to speak at meals, or on a Sunday, or for a short time at night, the poor fellow, with tears in his eyes, would say, 'Tom, I'm glad, indeed, we didn't take little Ned with us;'

and I thanked God we had not. Oh, how he would talk of the fields and woods, and say he had never noticed how sweet they were till now! Even the dull office and cross attorney were beautiful in his eyes and mine also, although I cannot say I laid it all so much to the fault of the sea itself as he did. I had begun to take some pride in acquiring dexterity, and, but for the captain, should have been cheerful enough; but Miles, while he went on as well as he could in the mean time, detested all together, and cherished it as his dearest hope to get back to the land, and never leave it more. His heart not being in it, this kept him always back, and he was the worse off for it. At other times a gloomy fit would come over him, and he would shake his head, and say, 'I don't think I shall ever see the land again; I feel as if that tyrant cowed my spirit so, that I lose hope. The sea has got hold of me, Tom, and I know in my sleep that it'll keep me forever. Was n't it so pleasant, Tom, going out in the mornings through the long grass to shoot the wild-ducks, or up to the old castle, where the trees were so full of rooks! It was n't so bad that old office neither, after all.' However, long as the hateful imprisonment seemed, and bad weather as we had across the Atlantic, in about eight weeks we got into the gulf-stream, saw the coast of Cuba, and the blue peaks beyond it, and at length ran through the Gulf of Mexico into Mobile. We had little more of land than to see it, for the captain made us live on board, and let only one of us away at a time, lest we should give him the slip. In a month we left Mobile with the same crew, for the long voyage round Cape Horn to Lima.

"The old system of ill-usage began again, chiefly to Tom Miles at first, though I had my share of it, and afterwards all on board began to murmur, when the length of the voyage was added to it. But the captain was a strong man himself; the mate was with him at least; and he took good care to let all know that he had six pair of loaded pistols always at hand. One day, while we were still in the trade-winds, and the fine weather gave him nothing to vent his bile on, he got into one of his worst moods with Miles, watched him for a pretext, and whenever he had it, he knocked him down, kicked him, and treated him so brutally, that I was only held back by the cook from rushing aft and striking him. 'He'd flog you within an inch of your life,' said one of the men; but I saw as my poor friend came slowly forward, that they felt it, and only wanted a little more to make them turn upon the villain with a vengeance. There was an elderly man, a Norwegian, amongst the foremast-men, whom the captain hated too, though he was the best and most experienced seaman in the brig. I observed him start when he saw Miles fall, and his dark eye glittered for a moment as if he would have sprung upon the captain, he being at work on the mizen shrouds at the time.

"I remember it was soon after this that the rough Cape weather began to come; and when it did, we had it dreadful. For many weeks we had not a dry stitch of clothes, and scarce could get our food cooked. The topgallant sails were never loosed. We got out of it at last though; the royal masts were sent up, the to'gallant sails loosed and sheeted home, jib set, and the last reef of the two topsails shaken out. We stood westward on a wind all that day, the sea going down round us with a long roll into the pale yellow sky, when we went below at eight bells of the first night-watch, and we were glad to have seen the sun set once more. When

we came on deck in the middle watch, however, it was beginning to look black again to windward. The captain was standing at the hatch of the half-deck, where Miles and I had our hammocks slung then, when I came up the ladder alone. 'Where's Miles?' said he to me fiercely. 'He's very unwell, sir,' said I, 'and has n't been out of his hammock all day.' 'Call him up, d'ye hear,' shouted the captain; 'call him up this moment; I won't have no skulkers on board. I'll doctor the lubber; call him up.' Miles put on his trousers, trembling with fear, and came on deck; but the poor lad could scarcely stand for weakness, and the wind seemed to go through him, till I heard his teeth chatter in his head. In a short time the captain turned round from the weather-gunwale, where he had been watching the cloud gather, and looked for a moment at the compass. The squall was coming fast down upon us, sure enough, and a long white line ran along the sky, above the black edge of the sea in the distance. 'Stand by, to let go the to'gallant halliards,' cried he to the men; 'let go both; brace round the yards; clue up the to'gallant sails. Go aloft, you two boys, and furl the fore-to'gallant sail.' I sprang into the weather shrouds; Miles lingered for a moment; the captain looked at him, and he followed me as fast as he could. It was dark as pitch; the wind was upon us, like to blow one out of the rigging; and the sea had risen into mountains before the brig had time to rush on as she would. Her fore-castle was washed clean at every pitch, and all who remained below were back on the poop. I was glad they had hauled the braces taut, so that the yard kept steady. I heard Miles' breath behind me, and told him to go out on the starboard yard-arm; for I could not see him, it was so dark, and he only heard me shouting at his ear. As for windward and leeward, the vessel rolled so much, though slowly, that now one end of the yard, and now the other, was uppermost; and, getting hold of the sail, I felt myself leaning out above the boiling sea far underneath. I had got my part of the sail fast, and held on, waiting for Miles with his, as I knew by its not flapping that he had mastered it. I thought he was long of coming into the mast again, however, and I leant down, straining my eyes to see if I could see his figure. A horrible fear crept into my heart; it was in vain to look where there was no light to see him against; until one little faint patch of white came out for a moment on the sky, and I knew the yard-arm lifting against that would show me what he was doing. It rose up slowly. I thought that interval an age; but oh, who can tell my pang when, as the yard-arm crossed that streak of light for an instant, I saw its dark end bare—bare as the sky itself; and the sail broke out anew, and flapped into the wind, as if he had just gone! Poor Tom Miles! the sea had a hold of him—a strong hold indeed; and afterwards I thought of his own saying, and of the night when he and Ned and I sat purposing what we should do. It was with a heavy heart I made the sail fast again after a fashion, and got down on deck, scarcely caring whether I went with him or not.

"By the time I got below, the topsails were close-reefed again, and the brig under as little sail as would keep her steady; but the darkness was clearing off slowly, and in the morning, when the other watch came on deck, the sea was fast going down, and there was a free sky to windward. The sails were soon all loosed again, and we were running large before the breeze that carried us into soft days and quiet nights, breathing with the warm

western air. Oh how beautiful that morning was after the gale; and Miles would never see it more, nor rise from under that dark surface! We'd never sit together again under the lee of the galley in a rough night, and talk of the old town, and of every man, woman, and child we remembered there. I've since seen many a poor fellow go down in his hammock like a stone, and many swept overboard into the wild sea that never gave them up, but I never realized the thing as I did when he was taken from my very side who had come step by step with me from my father's door. The men felt it more, because they had been often unkind to him; and no one looked up to that fore-to-gallant-sail without a shudder, or saying he hoped poor Tom had made a change for the better. The cook swore the yard was haunted, till the men, when they were at the wheel, fancied they saw Miles' face under the earring, looking back from over the yard, when the brig rolled to leeward. If their hearts smote them secretly, the whole went to add to the feeling against the captain, who, indeed, since that night, seemed more possessed with a fiend than ever; and at last matters came to a head. He worked the crew without mercy at Lima; and kept all hands on, instead of watch and watch, after we had got into the bad weather on the homeward voyage, though that was nothing like what it had been when we were outward-bound. The men went aft all together to ask him for watch on watch, with Andersen, the Norwegian, as spokesman. He got angry in a moment; swore we were lazy; and when Andersen replied somewhat boldly, he called down the cabin hatchway to the steward for his pistols. "Mutiny!" shouted he; "mutiny, by G—d!" He and the mate took hold of the Norwegian, who flung the latter down, and burst from the captain's grasp. The steward handed him his pistols, and the second mate having appeared, he handcuffed Andersen by main force, the men not having made up their minds to go all lengths. "Go forward," said he to us, "or I'll put you all in irons, and work the ship myself. I'll make an example of him. I'll flog him when I've light to see his back; by the ———, I will. Forward with you, you ———; you see I'm master!"

"It was our middle watch that night; and as the wind was steady, and nothing doing, though it was pretty dark, I fell asleep between the galley and the long-boat when about two hours of the watch was out. I don't know what woke me, but I did wake suddenly, and saw a figure leaning over the bulwarks aft, which I was certain was the captain, who generally slept all night in good weather. However, as he could not see me, and the mate was not visible, I went to sleep again, till I found the other watch had been set some time. As I got up and went below, I saw that the captain was no longer on deck, and the second mate was forward getting the men to set the flying jib. It was about noon next day when the mate called us all aft, and told us very gravely that the captain was nowhere to be found. He had not been seen since the last night, when the mate and he locked Andersen, ironed, into one of the state-rooms in the cabin, intending to fulfil his threat next morning. He stated that the steward, who had sailed several years with the captain, mentioned his having a habit of walking in his sleep. I was much surprised when I found that Andersen had been in his hammock, as usual, since the watch went below, and I thought it strange how the mate did not pay attention to this. Perhaps he felt that he was in the power of the crew, as he showed quite a different way of going on after

he succeeded to the captain's place, and seemed careful not to carry his authority too far. A mystery it is to this day, and will be to me till the last day, I suppose, how the captain came by his death after all. No one doubted that he had fallen overboard; but the question was whether any one had a hand in it.

"When the intelligence was given by the mate, there was a general horse-laugh amongst the men, which would have sounded brutal, but for the character of the lost captain. 'You can't find him?' said a Boston man, who I knew had been at the wheel when the captain was standing where I saw him; 'then I calc'late you'd better turn to and play skipper yourself, sir, for want of another.' 'That's just it, I guess,' said another; and the whole crew turned on their heels and went forward. Nobody appeared to know more about the matter, however; the chief remark made was by the cook, who suggested that poor Tom's ghost had brought him up in his dreams, and beckoned him over the side. I noticed that the Norwegian, Andersen, was more stern and silent than ever from that day.

"Whenever we got into port, I left the hateful brig, and joined with an English barque for Liverpool, where I felt myself another man. I was treated well, and began in reality to love the sea.

"We spoke an outward-bound East Indiaman off Madeira, the Marlborough, which I had reason to remember after I got home. I little thought, when I saw her main-yard backed, and the water plashing up her bright copper sheathing, as she rocked up and down along with our barque, that the crowd of faces gazing over her bulwarks contained one I'd have rounded the world then to see. And when her stately topsails filled again, and she went off with the wind abeam to the southeast, I was glad I was turning the other way. It was three years after Miles and Ned and I ran off, that I saw my mother and my little sister Bessie again, who was grown to a sweet pretty girl. But my poor father had been dead a year, and his last word almost had been, that he wished to have seen his son Thomas once more, and to have given him a blessing. I stood by his grave, and felt that grief is bitterer when the love you bore has been mixed with harsher feelings. I question if I should have felt such agony of heart if it had been even my mother instead of him. And Ned—my little quiet playfellow and bedfellow from childhood up—was gone for India, where he was to stay for years. He had sailed a passenger in the Marlborough Indiaman; my only brother, whom I had longed so often to clasp round the neck again, had been but a few fathoms from me in the midst of the Atlantic, and I did not know it till now! I made my first voyage to Madras only to see him; but he was up the country, and the ship left without my seeing him. Ten years after I did see him, in his own house in Madras; but how changed he was from the boy that had parted from me! He was lying on a sofa, pale and weak with the heat, and did n't know me when I came up the floor; though I knew him, and his very shape, for all he had grown to a man six feet tall. It was the last time, for a letter reached home before me that he was dead."

The worthy captain stopped here, raised his sleeve to his eye, and appeared to reconnoitre the rigging. "She lies pretty near her course, I think, Mr. Adams!" said he. "How's her head, steersman?"

"Sou'-west-by-south, sir," answered the sailor.

"This wind freshens her way a little, Mr. Ad-



arms. I like to hear the Maria singing at her bows again."

"And how was it, captain," I asked, "you came to follow the sea as a profession, after your first hard lessons?"

"Why, I must confess I did like to sleep again all night with no watch to call me, or 'reef top-sails' to startle one out of a dream of home; it was pleasant enough to be free of rule, and call my limbs my own; and most of all to see soft, kind faces, and near their voices about the house. My mother and little Bessie tried hard to get me to forswear the sea forever, and turn my hand to something on shore; and so I thought for a while. But, as poor Miles said, it's hard for one to get rid of the sea's hold when you've once been in it. I was almost spoiled for aught else. I might have lived independent, no doubt; but with my father's losing on his farm, there was little to spare from my mother's needs, and from what Bessie ought to have for a portion, if I could have consented to idleness. After all, there is somewhat even in going up to your watch on deck, and feeling the wind, and seeing the sea, and striving against danger with good shipmates, that creeps in between one and quieter things. You want to feel in motion, and have something to struggle with, or to see new sights and strange customs. I was weary of waking every morning, and seeing the trees and fields so steadfast and dull-like before the window. I don't well know how, but the ocean has not only something grander in itself, but it makes you feel more what a man may be. I got more and more restless after a while, in spite of all my mother and my sweet little sister could do to wean my thoughts. They saw what was going forward; and one night, while we were sitting together by the fire, my mother burst into tears, and said she supposed I must go. I pleased myself and them with the excuse of going to Madras and seeing Ned; and indeed that at first was the main reason I had. So I shipped once more; and here I am. From that time, slowly enough, no doubt, I've risen through mate to master, and at last to make something of my own. It was longer, as I have been twice shipwrecked, and lost all I had gained; but now the Maria is two thirds mine, and I have some little matter in store besides against laying up in harbor. My mother, though she is an old woman, is still alive; and Bessie is grown a matron with five children—with the same sweet, cheerful face, notwithstanding, she ever had. I've resolved, however, on this being my last voyage, and if God carry me back, I think to end my days at their hearth. There's another little Bessie, my sister's fourth child, the image of her mother, as one daisy is like another, though it have withered long before; and what I have made by many a rough weather on the salt sea, shall go to make her home happy when she grows to need it, and that will be when I have forgotten the way it was gathered. I sometimes fancy the 'Maria' knows what she is about, when she swells out with all her canvass, like now, to the breeze, or works so gallantly across a head-sea; and that song at her bows sounds more pleasant to my ear for the sake of those she's serving all the while. It is cheering to a sailor to have those at home he strives for."

"How is it, then, captain," I remarked, "that you never thought of this in a more tender point of view? Did it never occur to you to have a wife of your own to make the Maria strain her canvass for? A pretty name that 'Maria' in a ship, for in-

stance, but prettier in a woman. I wonder what fancy stood sponsor for that title with those who gave it her?"

"Why," said the captain, smiling a little sadly as I thought, "I called her so myself. It was a fancy too, as you say; but it's the sole thing I have to remind me of one I liked better than ever I liked a woman. One does n't talk of these matters off-hand, though it's long since I lost being shame-faced about it; it only makes one think how things he would have wished to be seem all one in twenty years or so. I do believe if it had been, I should really have left the sea and settled down on land twenty years ago, without seeking to make money. It was after one voyage to China, I stayed a month or two with my sister, who was married to an old schoolfellow of my own; my mother, too, had fixed there for good and all. There was a young girl, a friend of Bessie's, living with them on a visit. Her name was Maria, and she was a slender, winning, happy creature, open as the day, and as pretty as Bessie herself when she was seventeen. I remember how she stood up, so quiet and smiling, when I was first made known to her, and how often I watched her tripping through the grass before the house with my sister's little boy. Bessie wanted to bring about the matter between us; she spoke about her often to me, and I think she did as much to Maria herself. She told me she believed Maria looked on me favorably, though she would not tell her so, and kept very close about it, which was one of Bessie's reasons for her belief. But I could n't make up my mind to speak. I was a sailor; the young lady had some money; and I had very little if I left the sea, and could n't bear the thought of seeming to want hers. Whatever things I had seen in the life a sailor leads, a pure and beautiful woman's presence always made me feel myself unworthy, and I had been out of the way of good society for years. The last time I saw her was sitting in the summer-house, when I had gone intending to speak out. But I only kissed her hand, and said good-by, and left her; she looked so quiet and calm, and not expecting anything else. I did n't know what I felt for her till I was on board ship, and the land was sinking into the sky; and many a time the thought of her gushed into my heart after, and brought tears to my eyes I was ashamed of, especially when I wondered what she would have said to a word from me more than ordinary. She was married in two years to a lawyer, and I have heard of her often from Bessie, whose only reproach she ever gave me was, that I did n't tell Maria Williams my own mind. I called my ship by her name; and I have thought, when I have gone out on the flying jib-boom, and looked at her coming on before a breeze, white from deck to truck, on the blue sea, that her shape was like Maria's; and the pleasant murmur at her bows somehow reminded me of her voice, when I heard it aside reading a story to Bessie's little boy."

The good man sighed as he smiled at his own quaint conceit, and looked aloft, without speaking, at the full canvass of his ship, through whose openings, and all around, the multitude of stars were now apparent out of the blue depths of heaven; and I thought how beautifully the law of earthly separation—that sea in time—consecrates likewise the human affections by studding them, as it were, in the sky of memory; till sea and storm shall have exhaled like a vapor, and Necessity shall no more be at odds with Desire. The ship to me, also, was touched with the image of that long-past

Maria, as if her idea, more permanent than her temporal beauty, now doubtless faded, were hovering on the sky beyond, and transforming the vessel, with its outspread wings, in the azure amplitude of night, to an ocean figure of calm, human grace. In the ocean we can deal with things earthly—distant as we will.

Scarcely had the captain ceased when it struck eight bells, and thus ended our second dog-watch,

with its accidental little history of sea-life, called up by the peculiar feeling of that "soft hour which wakes the wish and melts the heart." Three hours after, I woke in my berth with the sound of the watch above "singing out" as they trimmed sails again, and the noise of feet and ropes thrown down on deck. And then I went to sleep again, and dreamt of my own home, and its own remembrances and loves.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

{ OFFICE OF THE LIVING AGE,  
{ 165 TREMONT ST., BOSTON.

So far we find much good to result from taking the business department of the *Living Age* into our own hands. The orders from booksellers and newsmen are increased; and many of them write, that with early and punctual publication, they shall continue to increase their sales very largely. No pains will be spared by this office to comply with every reasonable demand. We have also been much gratified by opening a direct correspondence with many of the subscribers, and are cheered (as of old) by their kindness and good wishes.

Many complaints come to us of irregularity and lateness of delivery of the numbers even of this year. This arises from the orders not *having come directly to us*. We cannot always ascertain from what bookselling house a country subscriber has ordered his copy. But, in order to get rid of all these irregularities, we have proposed to purchase the subscription lists of the houses we refer to, so that all parts of the machinery may act under our own notice.

Some of the country subscribers complain that copies are sent with the covers on them, so as to subject them to pamphlet postage, instead of newspaper postage. It is only from *this office* that they are properly mailed in this respect.

## NEW BOOKS.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have published:—History of the Revolt of the Netherlands; Trial and Execution of Counts Egmont and Horn; and the Siege of Antwerp. Translated from the German of Frederick Schiller, by the Rev. A. J. W. Morrison, M. A. [No. 21 of Harpers' New Miscellany, to which it is an excellent addition.] The Pleasures of Taste, and other Stories; selected from the writings of Miss Jane Taylor; with a Sketch of her life, by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale. [Mrs. Hale and Miss Taylor are both good names. There is a profile likeness of Miss Taylor.]

Messrs. Wiley & Putnam have issued, Songs and Ballads, by Samuel Lover. Including those sung in his "Irish Evenings," and hitherto unpublished. This work will have a very extensive sale. We shall grace some of our future pages by extracts from it.

Mr. George W. Light, of Boston, has begun to edit and publish the "Young American's Magazine;" a handsome duodecimo pamphlet of about seventy pages. It is composed of papers original and selected. Among the latter are pieces by Longfellow, Dewey, Hillard, and Sumner. "The leading purpose of this magazine is to awaken a more general interest in self-improvement." It is published once in two months.

THE LIVING AGE is published every Saturday, by E. LITTELL & Co., at No. 165 Tremont St., Boston. Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. To insure regularity in mailing the work, remittances and orders should be addressed to the office of publication as above.

Twenty dollars will pay for 4 copies for a year.

COMPLETE SETS to the end of 1846, making eleven large volumes, are for sale, neatly bound in cloth, for

Jack Datchett, the Clerk: an Old Man's Tale—has been read for us by a friend, who likes it very well. We have delayed noticing it till we could have that pleasure ourselves, but are ashamed to postpone it longer. It is published, in very good style, by H. Colburn, Baltimore.

"Sermons; by George W. Bethune, minister of the Third Reformed Dutch Church, Philadelphia." Philadelphia: Mentz & Rowoldt.

Upon the publication of this volume, we copied, from one or two papers, the high commendations of the editors; not doubting, from our knowledge of the author's former works, that they were well deserved. When the beautifully printed book came into our own hands, we delayed to acknowledge it, until we should have become well acquainted with it. This has now been done, for we have read it from beginning to end, and almost all of it aloud to our own family.

The author, in his preface, expresses some fear, "as they were written for oral delivery, with the aid of living gesture and emphasis," "lest his meaning might sometimes be more obscure than if he had chosen a more didactic style." We do not perceive any obscurity. While we read, we can imagine the earnest and effective delivery, because we have not seldom heard other sermons of this preacher. It is a loss to one of Dr. Bethune's sermons, not to be heard from his own lips. Yet the beauty, the tenderness, the force, are transferred to the printed page, and will live long after the preacher's voice shall be silent.

We feel more at liberty to recommend this volume to the readers of the *Living Age*, because the writer is not of our church, so far as difference of denominations is concerned. We should be sorry to think that we do not both belong to the same great fold, to the same Shepherd. Here is no controversy—but "preaching the truth in love."

The publishers have done their part well. The paper is beautiful; and the type is so large and so well printed, (by that excellent printer, Mr. John C. Clark,) that it is a pleasure to people who begin to grow old, to read it even at night.

We can only copy the titles of the fourteen sermons, which (taking the advice we give) we shall forthwith begin to read again.

A Divine Nature; Good News for the Poor; The Healing Touch of Christ's Garment; The Spirit of the World and the Spirit of Christianity; The Good Shepherd, or the Psalm of Faith; Faith, our best Reason; How to use the World, as not abusing it; Faith in the Son of God, Victorious; The way to win Good Wages; Love of Human Praise fatal to Faith; The Dignity of Serving; Victory through Christ, over Death and the Grave; Eternal Day; Longing for Rest.

twenty dollars, or two dollars each for separate volumes. Any numbers may be had at 12½ cents.

AGENCIES.—The publishers are desirous of making arrangements in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. But it must be understood that in all cases payment in advance is expected. The price of the work is so low that we cannot afford to incur either risk or expense in the collection of debts.